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New Republic

NIXON vs STEVENSON

The Press The Poison The Cure

AUTUMN BOOK NUMBER

Essays and Reviews by

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Letters

Governor Stevenson's Humor

● I certainly agree with you in finding the speeches of Mr. Stevenson enlightening and most enjoyable. Eisenhower and Nixon's off-handed reference to these speeches as "not being funny" only make them that much more so, since all the humor I have heard has been directed at the Republican Party, not one witticism at any of the major issues of the day. In fact, Mr. Stevenson has repeatedly called attention to the graveness of present-day problems. So their distorting his meaning only makes them sound foolish.
North Hollywood, Calif. L. M. KITZMAN

Republicans on Record

● In reviewing the voting record of every Congressman on 12 major issues—Taft-Hartley repeal, Wage Board, price rollback, rent control, housing, Labor Department funds, school aid, offshore-oil, relief rolls, aid to Europe and corporation taxes—I find the voting record of most Republicans (and some Dixiecrats) shameful and shocking. Following are a few examples:

Senator Martin (Pa.) voted wrong 11 times and right one time; Senator Nixon (Calif.) voted wrong eight times and right three times; Senator Dirksen (Ill.), wrong 10 times, absent one; Senator McCarthy (Wis.), wrong 12 times; Senator Ferguson (Mich.) wrong 11 times, right one; Senator Byrd (Va.), wrong 12 times; Senator Robertson (Va.), wrong 10, right one, absent one.
Liltz, Pa. JEROME GREINER

Politics in Texas

● When the Texas Democratic convention met in Amarillo for the purpose of determining not whether the Texas voters *should* vote for Stevenson, but whether they *could* vote for him, it was the muse's way of telling your writers that one of them should do a piece on Texas. Such an article will bring the blood of your readers to a boil faster than the word McCarthyism.

An investigation of the following questions could serve as a good start.

When fabulous Texas produces more oil, gas, sulphur, cotton, cattle, mohair, helium, millionaires, etc., than any other state, why is its per-capita income below the national average?

When a state court denied Texas the right to levy a watered-down tax on natural gas which would have netted $14 million annually, why wasn't the same violent protest made as when Texas lost the tidelands which have yielded only $16 million in their entire history?

Will the big oil companies require Governor Shivers to wear the livery of a filling station attendant in the performance of his duties?
Marlin, Tex. THOS. BARTLETT JR.

Funds to Fight McCarthy

● I am 17 and can't vote in November. In spite of this, I feel the outcome will have a lasting effect on my future. Therefore this summer I studied the issues and the candidates debating them. I soon realized the greatest threat to the future of a free America (and thus to me) is represented by the McCarthys, Jenners and Kems. When I read what they have said, I trembled with fear of losing the America we learned about in school.

I wanted to do something about them and because McCarthy appeared as symbolic leader of these pseudo-Americans I thought of him first. This morning I mailed a money order for ten dollars to the Madison Wisconsin Headquarters of his Democratic opponent (Mr. Fairchild).

It is my hope that every American reading this will also mail some contribution (large or small) to help secure the future of a free America.
Williamston, Mass. PETER C. ROBERTSON

"President to All"

● An admirer of TRB, I yet find myself turning over a recent comment of his with a feeling that it may reflect a type of upside-down thinking in which we may have been indulging too long.

Comparing Stevenson, with his "carefully qualified" answers on social legislation, to Franklin Roosevelt, "the traitor to his class," TRB says, "But sooner or later he must make a heartbreaking decision—whether or not he will be a traitor to his class."

Must he? Must he be a traitor to any class? TRB has said Stevenson is "a Woodrow Wilson with a sense of humor." May he also just possibly prove a FDR without the battle cry of "economic royalists?"

. . . It is my guess that Stevenson would like to forget partisan politics once he were President and be a President to all. He has unusual skills and an imagination, I think, for drawing groups away from the battle lines. . . .

. . . Can enough of us be wise enough not to start demanding that our new President disown any class? It is conceivable that we could all orient ourselves sufficiently to the common good to give that new President a sense of family backing and thereby more effectiveness in helping other nations to understand us and to find their own common good?
Champaign, Ill. YOLANDE E. CLEVENGER

"Not the Same Happy Warrior"

● Edwin A. Lahey, it seems to me, has overdrawn in his "Ike Gets Off the Ground" (*NR*, September 15) the rosy picture of Eisenhower as campaigner. One is inclined to think that all his sudden ebullience was but an outward strained show to cover up an inner weakness, that he's a very unhappy campaigner as compared with what Taft would be. Taft could stand firmly and steadily on the planks of the GOP platform built to his design without altering, lowering or raising them in the least. He could campaign along the same anti-New-Fair-Deal, anti-intervention lines he has advocated all along. . . . He would be a happy campaigner because all of him would be in it with Taft, the man, in complete harmony with Taft, the politician.

Eisenhower, on the other hand, must adjust, if not tear down, the GOP platform, some of its planks being quite the opposite of what he believes in or what

(Continued on page 4)

Bandwagon

Nothing But the Best

. . . Jeanne Vanderbilt, wife of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, millionaire horseman . . . now is a volunteer at Eisenhower headquarters at the Commodore Hotel serving as "chief receptionist" from early morning until late at night. – *From the Washington* Post.

But most of his ilk [crackpots] were politely turned away by pretty, blonde Sally Pillsbury of the famed flour family, a volunteer worker who toiled at the Eisenhower reception desk [at Chicago]. – *From* Time.

General Precaution

Eisenhower told the party workers . . . "I'm accused of having said something in my speech last night, and while I haven't the slightest memory of it, I will try to watch it in the future." – *From an AP dispatch in the* Austin American.

Well—Almost Any

[Dana] Smith said, "We felt such a program would appeal to citizens who wanted to see their US Senator do the job right, completely free from financial pressure from any special interests." – *From the Washington* Evening Star.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – The Editors.

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

SOME READERS criticize this column for too-Olympian serenity over the consequences of possible Republican victory. In defense let us say that our calm is mostly a pose. In all candor, we haven't taken such a shine to a candidate as we have to whimsical, intellectual, high-minded Stevenson since we started campaign reporting, and that was—Heaven save us—in 1932.

But the democracy will not end if the GOP takes over for a spell. There is something to be said for the analogy of a man who turns over in his sleep. He does not know when he will turn, and after he turns he can not tell you why he did, but if he did not turn over in his sleep he would die. After 20 years of Democratic control this may be the year for "turning over." We heartily hope not. Indeed, we are inclined to think it may not be, but it is too soon to say. The 1948 election was decided in the last two weeks, and this one may be too.

Perhaps some political groups, and particularly trade unionists, need the sobering experience of Republican administration to realize how much they have been spoiled and cosseted by 20 years of sympathetic administration. They have as much at stake as any other group in this election. Just over the hill in late 1953 defense spending will taper off; if Ike is President and really cuts spending $10 or $20 billion as he has promised—being the voice of Taft's ventriloquism—there should be a substantial business recession. It could be eliminated by increased federal activity elsewhere, but not by the Republicans. For the first time since before World War II there would be surplus workers and unemployment. And then the claws of the Taft-Hartley Act which have been concealed all this time would really be bared. It was the magazine *Business Week*, you remember, which said in an editorial in 1948 that "a few million unemployed" could give reactionary employees under the Taft-Hartley Act a tool to "wreck the labor movement." Columnist David Lawrence wrote on July 4, 1947, that the act would become "more effective" when the country had a little unemployment.

We thought we had Richard Nixon securely hooked by that millionaires' fund of his, but the agile fellow got away. In all fairness, we have to praise him for a superb technical performance—a performance during which (if you will forgive us) we wanted to vomit. We have never seen an ethical issue so masterfully sidestepped while, with a self-revelation that turned the queasy stomach, he heaped on details of his children, his devoted wife, his modest finances, Alger Hiss and his little dog. It was pure Hollywood to soft music, and Ike too was only a little less magnificent, explaining that as "a warrior" he recognized a "brave man," and greeting the sobbing young man with open arms. Well, well, let us all shed a tear together, and then sensitive folk can go quietly around the corner and retch.

We have an idea that this is not the end of the Nixon affair, however. After all, the moral issue of a subsidized Senator is still there. There are certain details about the millionaire friends of his we want to know more about. We can reveal, also, that young Mr. Nixon has a very swelled head and harbors the deepest resentment against Ike for not exonerating him, sight unseen, as did Taft. This may or may not show up before the election is over. What impresses us about Nixon is the wild recklessness of his personal finances. Here is a man under 40 who cannot live within his $15,000 salary, carries only $4,000 life insurance for his wife

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and two children, has just bought a modest little $41,000 house in Washington in addition to another humble $12,000 log cabin in California and is mortgaged up to his neck to parents, bank and real-estate brokers. As we figure it his indebtedness is $38,500 and his own equity only $15,500. Here is a young man who seems to be gambling everything on inflation: it is the old inflationary get-rich-quick formula—a depreciated dollar would double the prices of his real-estate holdings while leaving the dollar amount of his fixed indebtedness the same. While Ike inveighs against inflation, his running-mate has staked everything on it. What a peculiar example he is of Republican sound finances! On the ethical side it is, of course, a comfort that he has cleared himself. As he told *Look* magazine, "Anyone who has the responsibility—as I have—of investigating unethical and illegal practices of others must make sure his own hands are clean." Boy—go page a California millionaire!

Friends of Eisenhower hope against hope that his seeming naïveté and willingness to sacrifice principle for political advantage do not indicate the kind of thing that would occur if he were elected President. What has happened to lofty-minded men like Paul Hoffman and Senator Duff who originally brought Ike forward? This week Ike whistle-stops toward Wisconsin and Senator McCarthy. Ike has already embraced Jenner who called Ike's patron, George Marshall, a "front for traitors" and a "living lie." McCarthy charged Marshall was part of a "Communistic conspiracy," was "steeped in blood" and added that "in all these attitudes, Eisenhower was Marshall's firm supporter." Will Ike now fold McCarthy to his breast? We cannot forbear a comparison with Truman. Now Truman has plenty of faults, but he is also a doughty little man who venerates George Marshall; could he shake hands with his calumniators? In defiance of public opinion he went to Boss Pendergast's funeral. No, he would not betray a friend. Leave that to the Great Crusade.

Washington T.R.B.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 2)

he thinks he can win on. His political credos as General can hardly be equated with those he utters now as Presidential candidate. Often he must attack Administration policies he would have approved or did so as General. Despite his high soldierly chivalry, he is often tempted by implication to parrot others in exploiting for political benefits human tragedies arising from "Democratic wars" he either approved or fought himself. Although he has a fierce distaste for McCarthyism, he must swallow it even if he cannot digest it. . . . Transformed overnight into a new role, exposed to inner conflicts and outer pressures, confused and bewildered by hitherto unknown experiences, he was unable to so organize his political beliefs as to know what to compromise and what not in order to win over the Taftites, let alone to challenge his Democratic opponent. Eisenhower the politician is not the same happy warrior as Eisenhower the General because he is not as wholly himself in the new role as he was in the old one.

Philadelphia, Pa. MAX BISER

The 1952 Campaign

● In the article by Edwin A. Lahey (*NR*, Sept. 15) he omits a significant detail. The New York *Times* tells of the Philadelphia mass meeting and mentions the fact that the two High Priests of the Pennsylvania Manufacturer's Association—past and present: Grundy and Owlett—the symbols of a prohibitive tariff, were on the platform and received a standing ovation from the audience.

I see the end of the Reciprocal Tariff Agreements next year in the . . . event that the Republicans win the coming election; also another depression in the offing.

The Republicans have learned nothing since 1932. Their minds are wound up backwards. . . .

Newburgh, N. Y. MRS. FORD W. GILLEO

● That was a really great editorial—"Toward the Great Tomorrow" (*NR*, Aug. 1). I have been reading *NR* ever since it was founded some 35 years ago, but I do not recall any bit of political writing that was stronger and finer than your evaluation of the chief political candidates in that issue. Thank you very much.

"By Contributors, For Contributors?"

● Does the Republican Party believe in government of contributors, by contributors, and for contributors?

New York City MARTHA BAIRD

General Ike Debunks Himself

● Many of your independent and liberal readers are impatiently awaiting TRBs penetrating and candid comments on the major debunking operation which General Eisenhower is so effectively performing on his spiritual self. Americans love the game of debunking glamorous and popular personages, but the current spectacle is unique. . . .

I fear that TRB will be constrained to confess that he made one mistake in his estimate of Eisenhower: he thought that there was "iron" back of the silk or velvet—the iron of integrity, courage, contempt for vulgarity and cheapness, devotion to principle. After a few weeks the evidence of these high qualities is conspicuous by its absence. The biblical quotations due, no doubt, to Stanley High (on loan from *Reader's Digest* to write for Ike) are grievously misapplied. The General is *not* casting out sin, wickedness and evil—he is taking these to his bosom for the sake of victory. McCarthyism, Jennerism, Kemism, Pecksniffism, everything is acceptable at this stage of the campaign!

The crusade against corruption is itself corrupt. The General . . . has fallen among hucksters. Poor innocent! I am sorry for him, and at one time rather expected to vote for him.

La Jolla, Calif. VICTOR S. YARROS

Poor Richard

Cries poor Richard, "Here of late what's got into the fourth estate? Look at all this evil-smelling mess about me aired by our one-party press!"

San Mateo, Calif. L. YOUNG

Multer's Voting Record

● On page 20 (*NR*, Sept. 22) you correctly set forth my voting record with reference to 16 key issues. In setting forth that record you also correctly set forth the fact that on the issue of Social Security, I did not vote.

I think those who are interested in appraising my record should be advised that the day that vote was taken in the House (May 18, 1952) I was excused from attendance at the House because of the death of my beloved mother. If I had been present, I would have voted for the bill. My absence did not effect the result, because on that occasion the bill failed of passage by 133 votes.

That was due to the fact it required a two-thirds vote on May 19. When the bill was called up again it required only a majority vote and I was present and did vote for it.

Washington, D. C. ABRAHAM J. MULTER

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New Republic

REASON AND THE REVOLT AGAINST REASON

TRUE TO HIS resolution, Stevenson has kept his campaign on the high road of intelligence and reason. He admits sadly that he has met no one coming down the other way.

Instead, Eisenhower is laying down "a barrage of ugly, twisted demagogic distortion." Nixon is selling Republicanism in the manner of a barker pushing breakfast foods. And, at this moment, the mood of the nation accords with them. The 600,000 votes cast for McCarthy first exposed a revolt against reason among the voters. The two million citizens who by their telegrams and letters identified themselves with Nixon's sham emotionalism and mawkish sentimentality confirm that this revolt is real.

Where reason governs and the facts are presented the majority will reach the right conclusions. But though the facts were driven home day after day in Wisconsin by the Madison *Capital-Times* and the Milwaukee *Journal*, the voters of Dane County and Milwaukee County backed McCarthy. In the same way, those whom Nixon captured did not want to face the facts. Deeper than facts to them are their frustrations; their resentments, often justified, against the Administration; their adherence to myths; their need for scapegoats; their unreasoning fears.

Stevenson cannot turn back this revolt against reason by retreating from reason. Nor can he meet it on the level of cold argument and elaborate detail. A crusade is turned back, not on the blackboard, but on the battlefield. There Stevenson's victory lies in appealing to the great simplicities that govern the attitudes of most Americans, and in reaffirming fundamental truths.

Corruption in government is one issue that lends itself to reasoned arguments in basic terms. Communism is a far harder issue because it is so blackened by unreason and fear. Eisenhower and Nixon are crusading to drive the Communists out of the State Department. They are going to Wisconsin to endorse McCarthy and to accept McCarthyism. Stevenson is also going to Wisconsin. What is his crusade to be?

If Stevenson falls onto the defensive in Wisconsin, he is lost. If he seeks to compete with the Republicans in anti-Communism, he will be trapped in a true rat race. If Stevenson proclaims his hatred for Communists, the Republicans will voice their fury; if he expresses fury, they will propose witchhunts, if he accepts witchhunts they will insist on the death penalty; if he endorses the death penalty, they will require all Communists to be hanged, drawn and quartered.

In a time of unreason, moderate persecution cannot compete with violent persecution of fellow citizens for their beliefs. The only counterforce to McCarthyism is a devotion to constitutional liberty as affirmative and uncompromising as McCarthy's rejection of constitutional liberty. Stevenson's task in Wisconsin is not to propose an elaboration of loyalty procedures or to rest content with a proper distinction between Communists and radicals. It is to call for a renaissance of freedom.

His break with present trends should be general and profound. For McCarthyism, while its immediate target is the public servant, is an attack on the freedom of every citizen from the cradle to the grave. Under its impact the tragic decay in the philosophy of freedom embodied in the Bill of Rights is increasingly evident in all segments of our culture. The area within which the individual may safely think, act, write or associate as he chooses is daily becoming more circumscribed. Intellect, education and even wit are viewed with contempt. Uncritical and unswerving allegiance to the respectable status quo is being demanded of more and more persons as the price of their reputation and their livelihood. The individual who has the capacity of independent thought and action is gradually being stripped of the essential dignity and respect which are the mark of a free man.

All aspects of the body politic show evidence of this decadent state of freedom. Congress is saturated with scorn for the constitutional rights of the unorthodox and the unpopular. Statutes such as the McCarran Act, under which concentration camps are now being constructed for political prisoners, demonstrate how reckless legislative representatives can get in their disregard for constitutional and common decencies. The Smith Act, with its outlawry of freedom of thought and expression, is a constant reminder of the excessive inroads on the Bill of Rights that can be made by legislative will. Still another method of crucifying constitutional rights occurs in the dangerous sport of parading private citizens before legislative committees and publicly undressing

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their minds and consciences and their private affairs.

Both the executive and the judicial branches of the government share the susceptibility to anti-libertarianism. President Truman, to be sure, has spoken out forcefully against McCarthyism and other threats to civil rights. But at the same time he has instituted and encouraged in the loyalty oaths and investigations the most devastating and prolonged mockery of individual rights ever indulged in by the federal government.

Hysterical flouting of the Bill of Rights has been even more pronounced on lower governmental and organizational levels. Loyalty probes and affidavits have been used with abandon by state and local governments, school systems, corporations, labor unions and the like.

This frightening state of affairs has been developing for some time. It was greatly augmented by the start of the Cold War with Russia, when America found herself chosen for the monumental task of leading the free world in a counter-revolution against the sweeping tide of Communism. Communism was recognized as the mortal enemy of free men, an enemy to be feared and hated with undeviating intensity. Conformity was thought to be necessary to the unity of the nation. The usual freedoms to differ and to criticize were thought by many to endanger the realization of the great goals of military and economic containment of Russia. Those who might have any possible connection with or sympathy for the enemy must be rooted out from public and private positions of responsibility. The reasonableness of these sentiments was seemingly strengthened by such incidents as the leakage of atomic secrets and the role of Alger Hiss.

But any policy which is grounded upon an abandonment of the Bill of Rights, however well intentioned, is doomed to be destructive of democracy itself. Conformity is the very negation of the liberties enjoyed by a free society. And any policy which depends in any substantial degree upon public support created by the inculcation of fear and hatred is bound to lead to unreasonable excesses. It is a demonstrable fact, as Justice Brandeis once said, "that fear breeds repression; that repression breeds hate; and that hate menaces stable government." Fear thus becomes an hysterical weapon of self-destruction. It is an emotion easily turned by leaders of ill-will into channels that suit their own evil purposes. It is an emotion that destroys reason and sensitivity and that encourages repression of anything that cannot be understood. New ideas are beyond the tolerance or the respect of those filled with fear; hence the ideas are deemed dangerous. It is not unnatural, therefore, that the drive against Communism has degenerated into a drive against liberalism and intellectualism. Using the fears and hatreds engendered by the Communist menace, the McCarthys, the Jenners and the McCarrans have had no trouble in siphoning the thrust of those fears and hatreds over against the exercise of constitutional freedoms by those with whom they disagree. Therein lies the grave threat to democracy.

It is that threat to democracy that poses the overriding domestic issue of the day. Eisenhower has proved himself utterly incapable of realizing or understanding the issue, let alone suggesting any rational solution. He is too much a captive victim of the forces of destruction to serve as the leader against those forces. Only Adlai Stevenson, whose inherent genius becomes more evident each passing day, can provide the political spark needed to repel the advances of the "patriotic" enemies of freedom. He possesses the perception, the understanding and the intellect that can point the way to resolving the seeming conflict between security and freedom.

America is in dire need of an eloquent restatement of the spiritual and moral goals that should guide us in the dark years ahead. That restatement should include a ringing affirmation of the constitutional liberties which underlie our way of life, the liberties which are designed to be available even unto the most iconoclastic. It must be made clear that we cannot suppress thought and expression and still preserve the freedoms guaranteed by the Bill of Rights.

It may be that considerations of campaign strategy will prevent Stevenson from giving voice to all the pertinent factors involved in the mounting threats to civil liberties. He could hardly be expected, at this point, to criticize the Truman loyalty program in the effective manner in which he treated the Broyles loyalty program in Illinois. Nor would he be wise, from the standpoint of the forthcoming election, to comment upon the excessive and insulting intrusions upon private affairs in the course of preparing FBI reports on alleged disloyalty. These are matters which should await the relative calm of the post-election period when the new President can restudy the whole problem presented by the loyalty program and set in motion rational reforms.

But campaign expediency cannot excuse a failure to discuss the basic issue of freedom in these fear-laden times. Stevenson set his own standard when he declared his concern more with the nature than with the outcome of this election campaign. He can meet that standard by a reaffirmation of the bold and noble spirit of this nation's founders. In times of greater peril, those men placed freedom of speech beyond the grasp of narrow-minded men. Their spirit lives in this generation, and for that reason, if the appeal is made, the voters, we believe, will respond.

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IKE AS A MILITARY MAN

EISENHOWER'S Baltimore speech on defense policy offered nothing new in the way of ideas and strengthened the suspicion that the General is ignorant of what has been taking place in the Defense Department under Marshall and Lovett.

Previously Eisenhower remarked that he would bring such men as K. T. Keller of Chrysler into the Defense Department, apparently being unaware that Keller had been in charge of the guided missiles program of the Defense Department for more than two years. In Baltimore he said that prompt adjudication of responsibility between the services for research and development was mandatory. "Otherwise you will find all three engaged in spending public money for a single need." This was obvious in the Defense Department long ago, and the looseness of defining responsibility for research and development projects has been corrected.

Eisenhower rehashes some of the accusations of waste made by the Johnson Preparedness Subcommittee of the Senate Armed Forces Committee. He brings up the Navy's 50 years supply of anchors, but neglects to state that they were purchased during the war, that they are not ship anchors but harbor net anchors, and that the supply in time of war would probably not last more than a year, even if it would last for 50 years in peace.

Three points and two proposals were made by Eisenhower.

He would have a realistic weapons program. Secretary of Defense Lovett and Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Bradley will not comment, but it is well known that they do not agree that the weapons program is not realistic.

He would simplify weapons. This is a complex problem about which everyone agrees in principle, but there have been few valid specific proposals made for simplification.

He would call more civilian personnel into the weapons production program. No one will cavil about this, but the real problem is to induce qualified civilians to forego their careers for thankless public service.

The two proposals call for a civilian commission to restudy the operations of the Department of Defense and to expand the National Security Council by adding an unstated number of non-governmental civilians.

Eisenhower also calls for more unification of the armed services, but does not specify the fields in which he believes more unification desirable. Would he unify the supply services? Would he give the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff command authority? He complains of triplication but does not state how to cure it.

The speech pretended to outline how large savings could be made in defense spending, but careful reading does not disclose a program. Instead Eisenhower put forth a number of generalizations that show he is as much out of touch with the Defense Department as he has shown himself to be with other facets of American life, such as the Supreme Court decision on tidelands oil.

THOMAS R. PHILLIPS, Brig. Gen., USA (ret.)

MR. HONESTY AND MR. SINCERITY

Whistle-stopping across Maryland with Eisenhower the other day led this reporter to the inescapable conclusion that Ike has now become a highly effective rear-platform campaigner. He makes his listeners feel that he's just about the only honest man in America.

It's not so much what he says, for that is a collection of clichés, but how he says it. It's the emotional jab:

> It's all a bit overwhelming to me to see a great crowd like this. My memory goes back to a barren Kansas prairie and six little boys running around barefooted in the dust. I never get over my astonishment that you want to know what I think.

And so on. After this frame of mind is set in the voter, Ike jumps into "incompetent Democratic leadership," deficits, high prices, taxes and "crookedness."

The net of all this is a tremendous impression of sincerity, of the honest man in a climate of dishonest public officials, of the man who is sacrificing himself for the public weal. The biggest cheers are on the corruption issue. The band of reporters traveling with Eisenhower contains a high percentage of honest men who are disgusted with him. One told me he felt the newspapermen have been "had." There was disgust that Eisenhower promised to make a judgment of Nixon on moral grounds but made it on emotion. They say he isn't making command decisions, the thing he is supposed to be so good at doing.

But as the train pulls out of the station or the car drives away from the public square, the crowd which melts away is a crowd of smiling Americans, rather obviously touched by emotion, many of them with a kind of Diogenes look on their faces. They think they have found the honest man to lead them out of the Democratic path of corruption. It will be very surprising if we don't hear a lot from Ike too about Communism in government during October.

Eisenhower is running hard for the White House; he wants the job terribly. Regardless of Nixon, Taft, McCarthy, Jenner and all the other intellectual albatrosses, he is going over. He's Mr. Sincerity, Mr. Honesty, and as such he will be very hard to beat.

CHALMERS ROBERTS

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THE AFL JOINS THE DEMOCRATS

THE ENDORSEMENT of Adlai Stevenson by the national convention of the American Federation of Labor marks an official break from a 70-year old tradition of "no-endorsement" for a major party candidate. In 1924, the AFL did endorse LaFollette, then Presidential candidate of the Progressive Party; but this was primarily a protest of despair expressed through a man who did not represent a permanent national party. Woodrow Wilson did have the support of Samuel Gompers, founder and president of the AFL, but Gompers specified that this was his own personal endorsement and not an official act of the Federation. The endorsement of Stevenson represents the fifth stage in the long political maturation of the American trade union.

1. From 1886 to 1906, the AFL eschewed all politics on the ground that leadership talent was too limited to spread over both union and political organization and on the further ground that the solution of social ills by legislation was a will-o-the-wisp.

2. From 1906 to the New Deal era, the AFL made sporadic sallies into politics on a defensive basis: to check anti-union legislation, such as the use of the anti-trust laws against labor organizations. Simultaneously, the AFL vigorously opposed all attempts of the federal government to deal with working hours, wages, jobless insurance, etc., through legislation.

3. During the New Deal years, the AFL actively championed the "welfare state." Yet, from 1933 to 1947, no permanent political organ was created and no endorsement was given either to Roosevelt or Truman.

4. The Taft-Hartley Act goaded the AFL into creating its full-time political body: LLPE.

5. Finally, this year, the AFL endorsed the Presidential candidate of a major party.

The Stevenson endorsement by the senior and larger section of the American labor movement—the AFL Convention reported eight and a half million dues-paying members—makes official a trend among the urban industrial workers running over several decades. Although the Democratic Party has always had fortresses of voting strength in the metropolitan areas, at the turn of the century large sections of labor went Republican. Many trade-union leaders, especially among the better-paid craftsmen of the North and East, had more in common with the "hard-money" of Mark Hanna and the protectionism of McKinley than with the soft money of William Jennings Bryan and the free-traders of the South and West. The great drift to the national Democratic Party was initiated by Taft the First, standard-bearer of GOP conservatism, and was speeded along by Roosevelt the First, tribune of the rough-hewn progressivism of the Square Deal. The drift became a flood in recent years, thanks to Roosevelt the Second, aided by Taft the Second. During the years of loose movement toward the Democratic Party nationally, the AFL avoided Presidential endorsement to erase the impression of "party" attachment. Now the transition is official, carrying the label not only of the younger CIO but also the staid handclasp of the AFL.

The treatment of the Taft-Hartley Act by both Presidential candidates at the AFL convention focused attention on this complex and controversial item. Superficially, Stevenson and Eisenhower agreed: they wanted changes. Stevenson, however, spelled out these changes: (a) legalization of union security clauses, including the closed-shop so necessary in certain journeymen trades; (b) redefinition of the secondary boycott to make it unnecessary for unionists to scab on unionists; (c) limit, or end of, the injunction. The General generalized before an audience fiercely concerned with specifics. Stevenson asked to strike at the spiteful symbolism of T-H; the General stood on the platform of T-H preservation. The T-H Act was by no means the sole determinant of AFL endorsement. At the convention, the LLPE circulated a 12-page memo, containing AFL platform proposals, flanked by Democratic and Republican responses. It showed these contrasts:

The AFL calls, first, for an effective stabilization program, including price controls. The Democratic platform agrees; the Republican platform calls such controls "injurious."

The AFL calls secondly for a billion-dollar program of federal aid-to-education. The Democrats agree and then move on to school lunches, day-care facilities, maternity, child health and welfare services. The GOP tosses the ball to the "local communities and the states."

The AFL demands federal ownership of tidelands oil. The difference between Stevenson and Eisenhower on this issue has been dramatized by Texas.

The AFL proposes public housing. Democrats agree; the GOP disagrees. The AFL proposes tax revision to lighten the burden of lower-income groups. Democrats agree; the Republicans talk about reducing spending and a non-political Federal Reserve System.

And so it goes, item by item, through social-security extension and improvement; through FEPC; through filibuster; through treatment of government employees.

What makes the AFL decision most meaningful is the fact that, historically speaking, it was a reluctant endorsement. Only the enduring pressures of American society—the growth of the New Deal idea, the dedication of the national Democratic Party to its preservation, the identification of labor with this ideal—turned historic reluctance into an "endorsement—without a dissenting vote."

New York City GUS TYLER

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IF NIXON LIVED IN BRITAIN . . .

by Woodrow Wyatt

HALFWAY through the war in Britain a promising political career was abruptly halted. Robert Boothby, then Under-Secretary for Air in Mr. Churchill's Government, was called on to resign and urged by Mr. Churchill to redeem himself in some field of military activity. His offense had been committed before he became a member of the government. It was that in a matter in which he had financial interests he had not declared that interest.

When the Czech Government fell in 1938, it owned substantial deposits of gold in London. The British authorities held those deposits in trust until such time as there should be a successor Czech Government recognized by Britain. Shortly after the war began, an exiled Czech Government was set up in London. Naturally it sought to use the gold which had belonged to the last free government in Czechoslovakia. In persuading the British authorities to release some of this gold the Czech exiles had much assistance from Mr. Boothby, who was then an ordinary Member of Parliament without ministerial responsibility. By questions and other activities in the House he forcefully put the case for the exiled Czech Government's claim to be the heirs to the gold.

Later, the freak of an airplane crash brought evidences to light, showing that Mr. Boothby had received a commission for his help to the Czechs. Doubtless Mr. Boothby would have been as enthusiastic on behalf of the exiled Czech Government even if he had not received any payment for his services. But his offense against the rules of the House of Commons was that he had not let other Members know that he was financially involved so that they could judge for themselves whether the existence of a cash nexus weakened his case or not.

Mr. Boothby is a brilliant politician. If it were not for this incident in his career he would certainly be a Cabinet Minister in Mr. Churchill's Government today. But the rule about the disclosure of financial interests is so strict that it is hard for the British Parliament to overlook any breach of it.

This is the parallel that British visitors remember, when they read of the case of Senator Nixon and his $18,000 fund.

In British politics outside activities and interests are not condemned so long as they are made public. It is a rule of the House that nobody may make a speech advocating any course of action, from which he might benefit directly or indirectly unless he declares that interest at the outset. Failure to do this brings severe penalties as it did in the case of Mr. Boothby.

Apart from that, outside interests are encouraged. For centuries Members of Parliament received no salary, first, because it was thought to be an honor to serve your country which required no payment, second, because the British have a horror of professional politicians. They did not wish, and still do not wish, to have a political career as such made financially attractive.

This worked well so long as only well-to-do men were elected to Parliament. With the rise of the Labour Party and its many workingmen MPs with no income, pressure grew to make some payment for Members of Parliament. Only in this century have British MPs been paid a salary, and it has never been an adequate one. Today a British Member of Parliament gets a thousand pounds a year. The internal purchasing power of that in Britain is equivalent to about $3,700. Out of that the MP must pay all his secretarial and office expenses, including postage and telephone. The only thing he gets free is travel to and from his constituency.

Obviously most Members of Parliament require secretaries and for the great majority once their running expenses as an MP are paid, there is not enough left to live on. They are forced to rely on outside financial interests. The prevailing mood in Britain is still in favor of this procedure. It is thought that if a Member of Parliament did not have to earn his living to some degree he would lose contact with reality and become a professional politician concerned only with the parochial world of politics and with retaining his seat in the House of Commons at all costs.

On the Conservative side of the House there is understandably more wealth than on the Labour side. Many Conservative MPs have family businesses or inherited fortunes. Those who have not, become directors of companies or lawyers or businessmen. Company directorships do not often become available to Socialist MPs nor do many of them feel happy in having them. Labour MPs, if they do not run their own businesses, supplement their incomes by being lawyers or journalists, or through their trade unions.

Many trade unions pay what is frankly a subsidy to make up the difference between the Parliamentary salary and what a man needs to live. A working member of a trade union who wishes to become a Member of Parlia-

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ment can usually apply to be put on the Parliamentary panel of his union. Then if he is adopted as the Labour candidate by a constituency party, the trade union may make a contribution toward his election expenses. If he is elected, the trade union will often help him out financially. This is sometimes done by paying him a flat sum every year of anything up to 500 pounds a year. Or it may be done by giving him free secretarial and office service.

Although a trade-union Member of Parliament may receive a subsidy, the union cannot compel him to vote the way it wants. The National Union of Railwaymen has several Members of Parliament. Recently it came out in support of the Bevan line on rearmament. The union's leaders would have liked their Members of the House to vote with Mr. Bevan in his rebellion against the Party earlier this year. But these particular Members of Parliament did not agree with Mr. Bevan. They voted with the rest of the Party when Mr. Bevan took 55 Labour Members into the opposite division lobby. The trade union could not stop their subsidy, even if it wished to because that would be a breach of privilege of the House of Commons.

To influence a Member's vote in any way is a punishable offense. Trade unions can only stipulate, when paying a subsidy, that a Member concerned should honor the standing orders of the Parliamentary Labour Party. These are, briefly, that Labour Members of Parliament should abide by the decisions of the Parliamentary Labour Party, although they may abstain from voting in the House if their consciences so dictate.

A few years ago, W. J. Brown was paid a salary by the Civil Service Association to act as its Parliamentary secretary. When the union sought to bring pressure on him to vote in a particular way, he reported the matter to the Committee of Privileges of the House of Commons. The union had to go on paying his salary until its next annual conference, although his votes were not in accordance with the unions views.

Members of Parliament in Britain have time for outside activities because they do not have the same exacting committee system as operates in Congress. The House meets at half-past two in the afternoon when in session, and it is in session for roughly half a year. Nobody thinks that these outside activities or the subsidies are wrong. That is because they are a part of the tradition of English public life, because the rule on declaring a personal interest makes the position clear; and because the party system in England makes the possibility of corruption unlikely.

When a man who is paid a salary by a brewery gets up to urge that the law which has provided for the state ownership of public houses in the New Towns be repealed, he must declare his interest at the outset. Then other members can judge from their knowledge of his character how much value should be placed on his advice to allow the ownership of these new public houses to go to private-enterprise breweries instead of to the state. It is improbable that he would neglect to declare his interest because the penalties for such a defection are so severe. Again, it is unlikely that any Member of the Labour Party, trade unionist or not, would vote against the general wishes of the trade unions. Trade unions are an integral part of the Labour Party, and if a man were out of sympathy with them he would not be a member of the Labour Party.

Legislation in the British Parliament is very little affected by the individual votes or predilections of Members. It is unusual, once the Party—whether it is in opposition or in government—has made up its collective mind for a Member to vote against its decision. Party discipline is such that it is sensational when a man fails to vote with his Party—not the other way around as it often appears to be in America. Consequently there would not be much purpose in a special interest seeking to bribe a Member to vote in a particular way because he would already be committed to vote the way his Party does. In arriving at the collective decision, the Party takes notice of the individual Member's views, but once the decision is reached, the vote is usually all one way. Because the Prime Minister and his government are all Members of Parliament, the government presents its own legislation on the floor of the House, votes for it, and is obliged to make its supporters do so as well as an act of loyalty to the government. You cannot outvote the head of the government on a serious issue without precipitating a general election.

I have never heard of any Member of Parliament having a fund provided by his constituents to help him meet his expenses as an MP of the kind the supporters of Senator Nixon provided for him. Such a fund would not be a breach of the rules of the House of Commons unless it were not declared at the relevant moment. If, for example, two or three steel firms contributed toward a Member of Parliament's day-to-day running expenses, then that Member of Parliament would be held to be under a possible obligation to them. Consequently, if he were to advocate the exclusion of these lines from a bill to nationalize steel, he would have to explain his financial interest before doing so. Senator Nixon would have been in the clear in Britain if, before advocating state ownership of tidelands oil, he had explained that he was in receipt of financial support from oil men in California. Otherwise, a question as to a breach of the rules would certainly have been raised.

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NIXON: HOW THE PRESS SUPPRESSED THE NEWS

by Jean Begeman

AMERICANS still glory in our free press, and see it as a safeguard of the truth. They believe that its editorial prejudices do not matter, because our free press always prints the news.

Always? If the free press of America had had its way, the story of Richard Nixon's political slush fund would have been kept almost as secret as the fund itself.

The story of how 76 men gave Nixon $18,000 to sell free enterprise was gathered jointly by reporters for the New York *Post* and the Los Angeles *Daily News*. The *News* refused to print the story. The *Post* broke it at noon on Thursday, September 18. Welcome or unwelcome, it was a sensational news story about a contender for the Vice-Presidency.

But a survey of 70 daily newspapers in 48 states reveals that just seven chose to print the story on that day.

Of these seven papers, two printed Scripps-Howard columnist Peter Edson's attempt to vindicate Nixon without reference to the original story detailing the charges against the Senator. The Washington (D. C.) *Evening Star*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the St. Joseph (Mo.) *News-Press* put the news on page one, but the other four papers which carried the story on the first afternoon buried it on page 11, (The Kalamazoo *Gazette*), page 13 (the Denver *Post*), page 57 (the Omaha *World Herald*), page 64 (the Akron *Beacon Journal*).

Most of the editors chose to sleep on the story Thursday night. On Friday, 14 of the 70 noted it briefly on inside pages. Five papers—the Burlington (Vt.) *Free Press*, the *Clarion-Ledger* (Jackson, Miss.), the Boston *Post*, the Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer* and the Daily *Mirror*, Hearst's outlet in New York, suppressed all mention of the story both on Thursday and Friday.

One reason why so many newspapers failed to print the story Thursday can be traced to the curious actions of the Associated Press. The AP was handed the story at 10 a.m. Thursday. Then the AP waited seven hours before relaying the story on its wires at 5 p.m., giving the United Press an unprecedented seven-hour beat. Many newspapers subscribe only to the AP wire; others which buy both AP and UP service, simply sat on the story until the AP version came through.

The story might never have reached nine out of 10 voters had not the radio and television networks fulfilled the functions the free press abandoned of presenting the news. (Even the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* avoided reference to the original story in all its detail. Their readers learned only of Stephen Mitchell's comments and Nixon's cry, that it was all a Communist smear.) With the exception of Earl Godwin, NBC's "dean of commentators" who refused to mention the story despite telephone protests, the commentators gave the story the attention it deserved. While they preserved the free access to knowledge that makes free speech possible, the concentrated power of these networks alone compels the question—what would happen to free speech in America if the networks became as arbitrary as the press?

Of the 65 newspapers that mentioned Nixon's fund on Friday, September 19, 25 placed the story on the front page under at least a two-column head, 26 carried only a one-column head and continued the story to another page after the first few paragraphs, and 14 kept the story hidden on inside pages. Not one of the 65 carried any editorial comment on the subject until Saturday. It was only on Saturday that the *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, and the Washington *Post* took issue editorially with Nixon's transgression of political morality. In Reno, Nev., where Nixon spoke on the night the story broke, the Reno *Evening Gazette*, an afternoon newspaper, did not mention the fund. The Thursday night home edition carried this banner headline:

SEN. RICHARD NIXON MAKES
MAJOR SPEECH IN RENO TONIGHT

Subscribers to the *Gazette* (as well as newsmen covering Nixon) could read an AP dispatch from the Eisenhower Special entitled "Campaign Train Life Takes a Lull" or an editorial on the split among Texas Democrats. From their free newspaper they learned nothing about the fund. On Friday, headlines of the *Gazette* cried out:

END "TRUMANISM" NIXON URGES

Down below, a modest one-column head read:

Nixon Honest,
Eisenhower Says
On Fund Furor

In this case, as in the majority of the other morning and afternoon papers that carried the story on Friday, the headline and often the story itself told only of Nixon's statement that "It's an attempt to pull a political smear" or of Eisenhower's statement that he felt Dick was "an honest man." Most of the papers carried the Associated Press story which did not detail the

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charges against Nixon nor credit the New York *Post* with having uncovered the facts. The great majority of newspaper readers never learned where the story came from, or who it was that Nixon branded "Communists and crooks." Millions of readers were told of Nixon's defense before they learned of his act.

In Des Moines, Iowa, Eisenhower stopped by on Thursday. On Friday the Des Moines *Register* headlined the General's attack on "crooks and cronies" in Washington. In a one-column head, the *Register* squeezed "Mitchell Raps Gift to Nixon of Expenses." Not until Saturday did the paper give the story proper play. The headlines announced simply: NIXON TO CLEAR SELF, IKE SAYS. That edition also included a page-one picture of Nixon, a short item on Governor Stevenson's statement that he would not comment until all the facts were in and a story that Taft could "see no wrong" in the acceptance of money from businessmen to supplement a Senator's salary.

The Omaha, Nebr., *World-Herald's* page 57 spot for the story on Thursday is now famous since it was the first that reporters traveling with Eisenhower read about the $18,000 given to Nixon. A lesser-known fact is that the *World-Herald* on Friday continued to suppress the story. The front page, which also contained a two-column news story about Governor Byrnes' defection, carried this four-column headline:

IKE CROWD BREAKS COLISEUM
RECORD FOR POLITICAL ADDRESS
Bureaucrats'
"Sticky Hands"
Draw Blast

(Inside there was an editorial on "Ike's Kind of Thinking" which seemed to be exactly the same as the editors' kind of thinking, and a column by George Sokolsky wildly enthusiastic about McCarthy's victory.) On page three, the *World-Herald* let it be known that "Nixon Rejects 'Resign' Plea" with an eight-paragraph AP story under a one-column head.

Since most of the newspapers preferred to play down Nixon's dilemma, it is interesting to note just what news editors felt was worthy of a prominent place on their front pages. The Indianapolis *News*, an afternoon paper that did not mention Nixon on Thursday and put the story on page five on Friday, carried a five-column head "$10 MILLION THEFTS IN GRAIN SCANDAL CHARGED" (Republican Senator Aiken's blast at the Department of Agriculture). The grain probe was also the top story in the Baton Rouge, La., *State Times* while Nixon's finances were interred on page six. The Portland, Me., *Evening Express*, which did not mention Nixon on Thursday, although it claims to be "Maine's largest afternoon paper," used an AP dispatch declaring that Eisenhower should do better in Maine than any GOP candidate since 1928 as its lead story on Friday. The Nashville (Tenn.) *Banner*, with a page-one double streamer on T. Lamar Caudle's bitter attack on the Justice Department, found a "hole" for the Nixon story on page 14.

The Boston *Post*, ignoring the story on both days, filled its front page on September 19 with a lead story on a new North Pole air base, another story on the "Real Red Threat in Massachusetts" and a box informing readers that the *Post* will serialize a book—*McCarthyism: The Fight for America*—because "it is difficult to purchase the book in Boston."

The Montgomery, Ala., *Advertiser*, along with the Mobile *Register* and other Southern papers, used Byrnes' "country above party" statement as the banner headline. The *Register* readers must have been puzzled to find the first mention of the Nixon scandal in the closing text of a story entitled, "Ike Asks Support of US Farmers; Adlai Raps Rival." And Bangor, Me., *News* readers who turned to page nine could find a four-paragraph story about the fund at the bottom of a society page spread:

PAGEANT OF FASHIONS FOR FALL

The 25 newspapers surveyed which on Friday gave the story fair play (two column heads or more) included the Arkansas *Democrat*, the Atlanta *Constitution*, the Tulsa *World*, the Providence *Journal*, the Amarillo *Globe-Times*, the Idaho *Daily Statesman*, the Boston *Globe* and the Manchester, N.H., *Union Leader*. But 12 of the 25 papers used Nixon's defense as the head rather than the charges against him.

In Nixon's home state of California the papers carefully covered up for their favorite son until the pressure of national publicity became too great. All five Los Angeles papers kept the story on inside pages during the first two days. The Los Angeles *Times* dwarfed the story on Friday in an editorial—"Democratic Attempts to Attach Corrupt Motives to Contribution Refuted"—its first mention of the Nixon story. The *Times* noted that John J. Garland was a contributor but did not identify him as a brother-in-law of Norman Chandler, publisher of the *Times*.

The Hearst *Examiner* and the *Daily News* (the only paper supporting Stevenson in L.A. and the one which killed the original story by one of its own reporters) carried only Edson's friendly column on the Nixon fund. The other two Los Angeles papers, like those throughout the state, buried the Nixon story until they could safely use their front-page columns to print Nixon's defense.

The Oakland *Tribune*, published by California Sena-

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tor Knowland's father, handled the story gingerly with two separate one-column heads:

Ike Defends	Left Wingers
Sen. Nixon's	Smearing Me,
Expense Fund	Nixon Declares

The San Francisco *Chronicle* devoted its banner headline to extension of the local rent-control law, giving Ike's promise of "An Honest Deal" and the Nixon expense fund secondary play.

The Sacramento *Bee* was the only paper in the California survey that managed to pull together an editorial for its Friday editions. Having devoted most of the front page to the scandal, the editors charged:

> The man who the people of the sovereign state of California believed was actually representing them is the pet and protegé of a special interest group of rich Southern Californians. To put it more bluntly, Nixon is their subsidized front man, if not, indeed, their lobbyist.

During the same week that the Nixon story broke, *Editor and Publisher*, the trade magazine for newspapers, came out with a new poll that makes the lack of honest coverage of the fund story more understandable: 690 daily newspapers with a total circulation of 27.2 million have announced support for General Eisenhower; 140 newspapers with a total circulation of 3.2 million are supporting Stevenson; and 86 newspapers with a total circulation of three million have remained independent with regard to the November election. Percentages of circulation show 81.25 percent for Eisenhower, 9.5 percent for Stevenson and 9.2 percent Independent.

Never has our free press been as one-sided as this. And never has it carried its prejudices over into its news columns with such ruthless suppression of unwelcome facts. In the past, those who trust the judgment of the people, once the facts are placed before them, have not seen in prejudices of our kept press a major cause for fear. If now a blackout of unwelcome news is to be gradually imposed by the shrinking circle of men who are gathering all means of communication into their hands, how can a free people make up its mind? An urgent threat is indicated by this survey; *our free press is retreating from its responsibilities.*

WILL A BIG VOTE HELP THE DEMOCRATS?

by V. O. Key Jr.

THE EXPERTS will soon begin to speculate about how many more million voters will turn out in November than the 48.8 million who cast ballots in 1948. Sage references will be made to the immutable law that governs the outcome of our Presidential elections. The higher the proportion of the potential vote that is cast, so the theory runs, the greater will be the share of the total garnered by the Democrats. If this is a rigid law of our politics, the republic is in a bad way. Democratic campaigners, to win, need only provide baby sitters and enough transportation to the polls with never a worry about the issues. Republican Presidential candidates might as well resign themselves to running for the exercise, save when cretins control the Democratic command.

The political prognosticator or the campaign strategist who long adheres to the view that a great outpouring of voters means sure Republican defeat and certain Democratic victory will sooner or later suffer a severe jolt. Even a sketchy look at the record indicates that sometimes it is the Republicans rather than the Democrats who gain with an increase in turnout. Nor does one have to go far back into the record to begin to doubt the so-called rule. The campaigns of 1936 and 1940 illustrate its limitations. The following tables show the percentage-point change in participation rate (the percentage of estimated citizens 21 and over voting) between 1932 and 1936 and the percentage-point change in the Democratic share of the two-party vote in several states with large electoral votes:

	Participation Rate	Democratic Percentage
California	+2.0	+6.9
Illinois	+7.1	+2.4
Massachusetts	+6.4	+3.0
New York	+6.5	+3.5
Ohio	+6.3	+9.3

From these instances one might contend that the higher the turnout, the greater the Democratic share of the vote. But even in the election of 1936 certain states excepted themselves from this rule. There follow some states in which Democratic strength increased:

	Participation Rate	Democratic Percentage
Indiana	—0.2	+1.5
Idaho	—2.6	+4.9
Michigan	0.0	+5.1

And there were, in 1936, odd states in which Democratic strength declined although the participation rate increased over that of 1932:

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	Participation Rate	Democratic Percentage
North Dakota	+3.5	—2.1
Oklahoma	+2.0	—6.2
South Dakota	+1.8	—8.9

In the shifts in turnout and in Democratic strength from 1932 to 1936 our supposed law held in 30 of the states. By a coincidence just the reverse was true for 30 states between 1936 and 1940. Democrats lost strength as the turnout rate increased. A sample of the relation between shifts in turnout and party strength between 1936 and 1940 follows:

	Participation Rate	Democratic Percentage
California	+7.4	—9.6
Illinois	+0.7	—7.9
Indiana	+2.4	—8.3
Massachusetts	+2.8	—1.7
Michigan	+4.6	—9.4
New York	+3.1	—8.7

Such was the most common pattern among the states, a boosted turnout and an improved Republican position. Yet there were perverse exceptions where Democratic strength rose and declined, according to the rule, with variations in turnout, such as the following:

	Participation Rate	Democratic Percentage
Missouri	—2.9	—9.0
Pennsylvania	—4.9	+4.7
New Hampshire	+1.8	+2.3
Maine	+0.6	+6.0

It may be contended that the elections of 1936 and 1940 were exceptional and that the validity of the rule of big turnout, big Democratic vote could be established by examination of the 1944 vote (the figures on which are not presented because of the unavailability of 1950 census data necessary to estimate the 1944 potential voting population of some states). Between 1940 and 1944 about all factors were more or less "equal" except for a decline in turnout, and the Republicans gained. The point of this argument, however, is that nearly all elections are exceptional; other things, save turnout, are rarely equal.

A backward look provides another test of the rule. At the great turning points in our politics in the past half century, the party on the upgrade, whether Republican or Democratic, apparently has held its earlier adherents and succeeded in attracting the support of a large share of a great influx of people into the active electorate. In 1896, when the Republicans took over for 16 years, they captured and held the loyalties of a growing electorate. In 1920 the Republicans again came into power as they annexed a disproportionate share of a great expansion of the electorate. From 1916 to 1920, largely because of woman suffrage, the number of voters increased by 8.2 million (although the participation rate for all eligibles declined). As the total turnout increased by this number, the Republicans picked up 7.6 million votes over their 1916 poll, while the Democrats performed the remarkable feat of increasing their 1916 vote by only about 18,000. From 1924 to 1928 the Democrats recruited a heavy share of the new voters and built a base from which they could proceed to victory in 1932. From 1928 to 1932 the participation rate remained constant; the Democrats won a victory scarcely determined by level of turnout.

Inspection of the fluctuation in turnout since 1896 reveals no one-to-one relation between turnout and the division of the voters between the parties. An explanation more in keeping with both the facts and the dignity of the electorate is that the party that had a program it could and did sell to the people got the benefit of the effects, if any, of expansions in the electorate. When one party or neither had much to offer, retribution was allocated more or less accordingly. In 1924, for example, neither major candidate had much appeal, and neither major party polled so large a vote as it had in 1920. The level of turnout does not seem to be some ghostly independent factor that distributes its bounty in a discriminatory fashion. It is itself more an effect than a cause, a result of the intensity and stakes of the contest, of the sorts of alternatives in candidates and platforms offered to the electorate. The party that lays it on the line for and to the people can triumph over the party that does not, although it may take a campaign or two to turn the trick.

Although under the conditions prevailing at the moment a boost in turnout might be associated with a Democratic gain, the Democrats would be on most unsafe ground if they should rely for long on the turnout law to give them victories. Their success in selling their candidates and programs have produced victory and, incidentally, high turnouts. Let them relax in their efforts or weaken in their policy drives, and the turnout law may start working in reverse, as it has in the past. The Republicans need not resign themselves to campaigning solely for the catharsis that comes from advocacy of a retrospective utopianism. They have a task astonishing in its simplicity, that is to develop a candidate and to contrive a program more appealing than the Democratic to the good sense of the electorate. Then the turnout law would work to their advantage.

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LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

SIGMUND FREUD

by W. H. Auden

TODAY, THANKS TO FREUD, the man-in-the-street knows (to quote by an inaccurate memory from *Punch*) that, when he thinks a thing, the thing he thinks is not the thing he thinks he thinks, but only the thing he thinks he thinks he thinks. Fifty years ago, a girl who sprained her ankle on the eve of a long-looked-forward-to ball, or a man who suffered from a shrewish wife, could be certain of the neighbors' sympathy; today the latter will probably decide that misfortune is their real pleasure. The letter of apology to the hostess whose dinner invitation you have forgotten is much more difficult to write than it used to be. If an Isolde worries all day lest her absent Tristan should be run over by a bus, the dumbest Brangaene could warn her that her love includes a hope that he will never return. As for parents, not only the few who have read up on the Oedipus Complex and Erogenous Zones, but also the newspaper-reading mass, the poor things are today scared out of their wits that they will make some terrible mistake; the Victorian, even the Edwardian, paterfamilias who knew what was right is almost extinct, which is, perhaps, a pity. (However, if the bearded thunder god has turned into a clean-shaven pal, there is still the iron-toothed witch).

It always comes as a shock to me to remember that, when Freud was born, *The Origin of Species* had not yet appeared, and that he was in his fortieth year before he published his first "freudian" papers. Freud's formative years, that is, were a time when the great intellectual battle was between Science and the sort of bourgeois idealist manicheeism of which, in 1875, Mrs. Eddy became Popess. The feeling that matter and the body are low or unreal and that the good and the real are spiritual or mental is always likely to become popular in a society where wealth and social prestige go to those who work with their heads; as long as the aristocracy thinks of itself as the warrior class, it is protected from this heresy because, while it may depise manual labor, athletic fitness is a badge of class: further, as long as their work is really manual, the market value of physical strength and manual skill prevents the working-classes from underestimating the body, but with the coming of the machine which can be minded perfectly well by an unskilled child, white-collar manicheeism infects them as well. The great dramatic interest of the second half of the nineteenth century lies in the fact that, at the very time when the scientific advances which were being made in the natural sciences like chemistry and biology seemed to suggest that all reality might ultimately be explicable in terms of quantity and necessity, the development of society was making the notion of any relation of the good and the beautiful to matter peculiarly repugnant. One cannot read either the scientists or the naturalistic novelists of the period without feeling, in the very passion with which they assert that man is *only* an animal, their selection for portrayal of the ugliest "nature" they can find, the same horror as was exhibited by their episcopal opponents; they see themselves as preaching the truth, but none of them thinks that the truth is good news. Freud is no exception; the very man who has done most to free us from a manicheean horror of sex quotes more than once, with an unmistakable shudder of distaste, the Church Father who pointed out that we are born *inter urinas et faeces*. Some wag once summed up the message of psychoanalysis as saying: "We are born mad; we grow sane and unhappy; then we die." There are photographs of Freud in which he almost looks as if he would agree.

In this battle between those who asserted that the egg is only a dream of the hen and those who asserted that the hen is only a dream of the egg, Freud certainly thought of himself as a dyed-in-the-wool egg-fancier. He observes all the egg-fancier tabus; Beatrice, for instance, becomes the Love Object and the four-letter words always appear veiled in the decent obscurity of the Latin language. (The child-like faith of even the most anti-clerical members of the medical profession in the magical properties of that tongue is extremely comic and warrants psychoanalytic investigation).

But Freud is a clear and beautiful example of a revolutionary thinker—it probably holds good for them all—who is much more revolutionary and in quite another way than he himself realizes.

Had one asked a doctor in the 80's and 90's to forecast the future of psychology, he would almost certainly have replied somewhat as follows:

> It seems probable that we shall soon be able to describe all mental events in terms of physical events in the brain, but even if we cannot, we may safely assume:
>
> 1. Like the human body, the human mind has a constant nature, typical for the species; individual variations are either pathological or insignificant.
>
> 2. The behavior of this mind can be explained in terms of stimulus and response. Similar stimuli will necessarily produce similar responses. Both are quantitatively measurable in terms of intensity and duration.
>
> 3. Mental development is like physical growth, i.e., the mind passes from a younger or earlier phase into an older or later one. This process can be arrested or become morbid, but two phases cannot exist simultaneously any more than an oak can be an acorn at the same time.
>
> 4. The neuroses and psychoses must be typical diagnostic entities, identical in every patient. To discover a cure for one means to discover the procedure which is effective independently of the individual doctor or the individual patient.

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One has only to read a few lines of Freud to realize that one is moving in a very different world, one in which there are decisive battles, defeats, victories, decisions, doubts, where things happen that need not have happened and even things which ought not to have happened, a world where novelties exist side by side with ancient monuments, a world of guilt and responsibility, a world, heaven help us, that has to be described with analogical *metaphors*. The Master may sometimes write as if he thought that saying a three-year-old child wishes to commit incest with his mother were the same kind of statement as saying he wishes to go to the bathroom, but we are not deceived. Whatever we may think of that famous trio Ego, Super-Ego and Id, we can see that they are like Prince Tamino, Zorastro and The Queen of The Night and not like mathematical equations. We may find the account of the Fall in *Totem and Taboo* more or less plausible than the account in *Genesis*, (the Bible version which makes the psychological sin, and therefore the sense of guilt, prior to the moral crime seems to me the more "freudian") but we shall not dream of applying the standards of "scientific" evidence employed in Chemistry or Biology to either.

In fact, if every one of his theories should turn out to be false, Freud would still tower up as the genius who perceived that psychological events are not natural events but historical and that, therefore, psychology as distinct from neurology, must be based on the pre-suppositions and methodology, not of the biologist but of the historian. As a child of his age who was consciously in a polemic with the "idealists" he may officially subscribe to the "realist" dogma that human nature and animal nature are the same, but the moment he gets down to work, every thing he says denies it. In his theories of infantile sexuality, repression, etc., he pushes back the beginnings of free-will and responsibility earlier than even most theologians had previously dared; his therapeutic technique of making the patient re-live his past and discover the truth for himself with a minimum of prompting and interference from the analyst (meanwhile, one might add, doing penance by paying till it hurts), the importance of Transference to the outcome of the therapy, imply that every patient is a unique historical person and not a typical case.

Freud is not always aware of what he is doing and some of the difficulties he gets into arise from his trying to retain biological notions of development when he is actually thinking historically. For example, he sometimes talks as if civilization were a morbid growth caused by sexual inhibition; at other times he attacks conventional morality on the grounds that the conformists exhaust in repression the energies which should be available for cultural tasks; similarly, he sometimes speaks of dream symbolism as if it were pure allegory, whereas the actual descriptions he gives of the dreaming mind at work demonstrate that, in addition to its need to disguise truth, it has an even greater need to create truth, to make historical sense of its experience by discovering analogies, an activity in which it shows the most extraordinary skill and humor. In a biological organism, everything was once something else which it now no longer is, and change is cyclical, soma-germ-soma; a normal condition is one that regularly re-occurs in the cycle, a morbid one is an exception. But history is the realm of unique and novel events and of monuments—the historical past is present in the present and the norm of health or pathology cannot be based on regularity.

Freud certainly expected opposition and obloquy from the conventional moralists and the man-in-the street for his theories about human sexuality; in actual fact, the general public took him to their bosoms rather less critically, perhaps, than they should have done, while the real opposition came and still comes from the behaviorists, the neurologists and all the schools of psychiatry that regard their subject as a natural science and are therefore outraged by

(Continued on page 31)

THE ART OF PROSE

by John Crowe Ransom

A FINE PROSE STYLE, if we are veteran readers, and equal to it, affords one of the most delicious experiences in the whole world of art. It is so subtle and fastidious that it must be considered very advanced among the art-forms. If it does not baffle reception, it almost baffles description; few of the many busy critics in our time have shown any interest in describing it. Therefore Herbert Read's new book, revising and expanding his earlier book of 1928, is virtually without competition. It is a good book anyway. Read employs some smart categories in his study, as for example in distinguishing between impressionism and expressionism, or between fantasy and imagination. The discussions are bright, and they are illustrated by fascinating passages from the prose masters. It makes an excellent first reading. At the second reading I am sure that the spirited reader will begin to take some exceptions, and to counter with ideas of his own. But then it is a virtue in the pioneering critic if he draws other critics to the scene.

ENGLISH PROSE STYLE, by Herbert Read (Pantheon; $3.50).

There is one element of prose style which is badly scanted by Read, whose moderate-sized book covers a great deal of territory; yet it would seem indispensable in the prose art; it is the so-called but rarely-explained "rhythm" of prose. And this calls up the name of George Saintsbury, who forty years ago in his *History of English Prose Rhythm* produced doubtless the best technical study of the art which has yet been offered in our language. It is my impression that critics are not yet well acquainted with this work, though it too was a pioneering affair which in many

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ways needs their attention. (Herbert Read is content to refer briefly to what Saintsbury established.) Saintsbury showed, in effect, that it has been the rule for any stylized prose to vary the sound of its phrases incessantly, and not to repeat one pattern uniformly. On the other hand, it is the rule for formal poetry to cast itself in a uniform rhythmic pattern; to do so it has to atomize its language into syllables, and fit them successively into a pattern of great simplicity, such as the iambic foot, which becomes the powerful undertone of the poem and is independent of the words and phrases.

The rhythm of a prose passage is really a polyrhythm, a unique assemblage of many phrasal rhythms. When we think we make out "the" rhythm of it, singular, that is because it is seen to favor certain general types of rhythm or rough progressions of rhythms, though never to make them binding. Prose is an old art, which came to its most magnificent flower in the Seventeenth Century with such writers as Browne, Milton, Taylor, and those writers who gave us such things as *Isaiah 60* and *I Corinthians 13* in the Authorized Version. But even then it had the kind of sophistication we think of as belonging to a "modern" art. Its effect is something like that which a modern musical composition will make upon an old-fashioned ear; teasing it with incipient melodies which never come to triumphant realization. But the author must be of strong mind to deny to his auditor, and himself, the fixed melody, or the metered rhythm.

A writer who cannot quite play this game appears for example in one of Read's specimens. It is the passage from Trelawney's *Last Days of Shelley and Byron,* with Trelawney telling how Shelley's friends exhumed the poet's body and burnt it on a funeral pyre, and it opens with the sentence,

> Three white wands had been stuck in the sand to mark the poet's grave, but as they were at some distance from each other, we had to cut a trench thirty yards in length, in the line of the sticks, to ascertain the exact spot, and it was nearly an hour before we came upon the grave.

The first clause and the last are in standard poetic rhythm; either is a fair example of the folk-line, in seven heavy beats. Trelawney is writing prose, and the inside of his sentence (like the following sentences) allows no trifling with meter. Yet poetry is ringing in the head of this man who is living with poets and writing about them. It comes out clear as a bell in the opening clause, though we do not know how involuntarily; then in the conclusion it sounds again, like a prose writer's reluctant farewell to poetry.

Prose art is the invention of poets who have come to the point, not of surrendering the rhythmic interest of language, but of wanting to register it in a less primeval or elementary manner. I think we may go a little further. It may be that the prose rhythm develops first in the poetry itself. The poet reaches the stage of virtuosity where he likes to show how the brutal engine meter will cut to pieces even the firmest of natural prose phrases and make them supply its phonetic materials. He manages to give high audibility to the prose rhythms and the fixed meters in the same line; he has produced the admired effect called "counterpointing." In the following passage Michael has arranged for Adam a vision of the future, to show him how his fall has brought death into the world. The scene is a "lazar-house" or paupers' hospital, where Adam sees

> all fev'rous kinds,
> Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
> Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
> Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,
> And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
> Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
> Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.

If we put the syllables of these pentameter lines, two by two, into the iambic feet, thirty-two in all, the only feet which are meaningful units of language will be *catarrh* and *dropsies*, the latter a trochaic substituting for iambic. But the commas help us to sense separately the sound of the word-units and short phrases of the prose. If now we will mark off the minimal prose units, we will find from three to five per line, and they will range in length from one to five syllables. We have here another system of effects altogether, and there would surely be enough phonetic similarity among the units to make an appreciable over-all "rhythm" as prose rhythms go.

The alternative to rhythmed prose is the prose which drops the phonetic dimension from notice altogether. If this prose serves the uses of art, it does so only in the meaningful dimension. For example, it will be the language of fiction; doubtless it will have art enough. Dryden is regarded as the first important man of letters to succeed, though a poet, in writing prose without rhythm. Swift and Defoe followed him in time though their achievement was independent of his; probably it was less difficult, for they were not poets in the first place. But in spite of these distinguished examples, rhythmed prose did not fail to come back, and it is with us today.

A good conclusion to a history of English prose rhythm written today would be by stopping with a placement for two important figures: James Joyce and Ernest Hemingway. Joyce was a complete man of letters and knew all about the rhythms of both poetry and prose. In *Ulysses,* he shows amazing skills for prose style, exhibiting a vast number of kinds and never allowing them to be corrupted by lapses into meter. But in *Finnegans Wake* he is in the world of fantasy, playing with the language, now for comic and now for lyric effects, with his guards completely down; he has many folk-lines embedded in the prose, and differs from Milton who had the rhythmed prose embedded in the lines. On the other hand, Ernest Hemingway would scarcely be, nor would he covet being, a man of letters; one presumes that he has never tolerated the kind of education which would have made the meters resound in his consciousness. And we approve of that. We say to ourselves that this bare unrhythmed prose of his is the most transparent medium yet invented for the pure art of fiction.

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WITH GRACE UNDER PRESSURE

by Mark Schorer

THE ONLY GUTS that are mentioned in this story are the veritable entrails of fish, but we are nevertheless reminded on every page that Hemingway once defined this favorite word, in its metaphorical use, as "grace under pressure." Grace, in the fullest sense, is the possession of this old man, just as grace was precisely what Colonel Cantwell, in *Across the River and Into the Trees,* was totally without. But here it is, complete and absolute, the very breath of this old man, so thoroughly his in his essence as in his *ambiente,* that it can only be there under pressure as at all other times, and indeed, even under the greatest pressure, he hardly alters. Grace, by which one means now not the old stuff upper lip (this old man's upper lip is not so very stiff) which came to some of the older heroes a little easily sometimes, a quality more nearly a manner of speaking than of being; not that now, but benignity, nothing less, and beautifully, masterfully presented, so that the satisfaction one has in this creation is plain happiness, and then, I suppose, gratitude.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA, by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner's; $3).

The old man has a Franciscan quality that so prevades his habit of thought as to support and give the body of dramatic plausibility, even inevitability to the suggestion of Christian martyrdom which comes at the end. Early in the story, when the old man is being helped by the boy, he thanks him for the food he gives him. "He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility. But he knew he had attained it and he knew it was not disgraceful and it carried no loss of true pride." Humility—the assumption, without self-consciousness and therefore without sentimentality—is the old man's strength.

He was very fond of flying fish as they were his principal friends on the ocean. He was sorry for the birds, especially the small delicate dark terns that were always flying and looking and almost never finding, and he thought, "The birds have a harder life than we do except for the robber birds and the heavy strong ones. Why did they make birds so delicate and fine as those sea swallows when the ocean can be so cruel? She is kind and very beautiful. But she can be so cruel and it comes so suddenly and such birds that fly, dipping and hunting, with their small sad voices are made too delicately for the sea."

And again, now of porpoises, and then of the marlin itself:

"They are good," he said. "They play and make jokes and love one another. They are our brothers like the flying fish."

Then he began to pity the great fish that he had hooked. He is wonderful and strange and who knows how old he is, he thought. Never have I had such a strong fish nor one who acted so strangely. Perhaps he is too wise to jump. He could ruin me by jumping or by a wild rush. But perhaps he has been hooked many times before and he knows that this is how he should make his fight. He cannot know that it is only one man against him, nor that it is an old man. But what a great fish he is. . . . I wonder if he has any plans or if he is just as desperate as I am?

And thus, with a kind of Biblical abstraction that always assumes the independence of all things in their own character from his character, which is likewise independent and separate (in this recognition lie the true sources of brotherhood as of pity), he speaks to a bird, to his fish, and to the parts of his own body, his hands and his head. With a few wavering exceptions, Hemingway sustains the perilous poise of all this with great beauty over pits of possible bathos.

Everywhere the book is being called a classic. In at least one sense, the word cannot be applied, for here and there, where the writing wavers, its pure lucidity is muddied by all that hulking personality which, at his worst, Hemingway has made all too familiar. I do not have in mind the talk about baseball, which has bothered at least one reviewer. "The baseball" is a near obsession with most Caribbean natives, but we do not have to know this to accept the old man's interest as his own rather than as Hemingway's. (After all, DiMaggio's father *was* a fisherman, as the old man tells us, and the sword of the marlin is "as long as a baseball bat.") But a murky paragraph that has to do with "mysticism about turtles" is a case in point. Or a sentence such as this: "He did not truly feel good because the pain from the cord across his back had almost passed pain and gone into a dullness that he mistrusted"—is it a quibble to suggest that the word "truly" and its location spoil this sentence, jar us out of the mind of the old man whom we are coming to know into the reflection that we've read Hemingway before? Or a brief passage such as this:

After he judged that his right hand had been in the water long enough he took it out and looked at it.

"It is not bad," he said. "And pain does not matter to a man. . . .

"You did not do so badly for something worthless," he said to his left hand. "But there was a moment when I could not find you."

Why was I not born with two good hands? he thought. Perhaps it was my fault in not training that one properly. But God knows he has had enough chances to learn. He did not do so badly in the night, though, and he has only cramped once. If he cramps again let the line cut him off.

The last sentence tells us with dramatic concreteness what the generalization, "pain does not matter to a man," which is really Hemingway's, does not tell us at all. It should not have been written, precisely because what *is* written must make *us* speak that conclusion, it should be our generalization from his evidence.

But the old man seldom lapses into dramatic falseness. In his age, alone at sea, he has taken to speaking aloud, and instead of dialogue between characters by which most fictions moves, this story moves by little dialogues in the old man himself, the exchange of what is spoken and what is not spoken. This is almost a running drama between that which is only possible and that which is real:

"Fish," he said, "I love you and respect

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you very much. But I will kill you dead before this day ends."

Let us hope so, he thought.

The threat of over-generalization is almost always in the spoken words, which, then, are immediately rooted in actuality by the reservations of the unspoken. And of course, Hemingway's incredible gift for writing of the natural life serves the same function. Whether he is describing plankton, jelly fish, the sucking fish that swim in the shadow of the marlin, the gutting of a dolphin that contains two flying fish, or turtles, they are all always there before us, actualities, and the old man is an actuality among them.

The novel is nearly a fable. The best fiction, at its heart, always is, of course, but with his particular diction and syntax, Hemingway's stories approach fable more directly than most, and never so directly as here. It is the quality of his fiction at its very best, the marvelous simplicity of line. ("'Be calm and strong, old man', he said.") There has been another strain in his fiction, to be sure—his personal ambition to become a character in a tall tale, folklore as opposed to fable. That is the weaker man pushing aside the great novelist. The strain glimmers once in this story, when we are told of the old man's feat of strength in his youth: "They had gone one day and one night with their elbows on a chalk line on the table and their foreams straight up and their hands gripped tight." Take it away.

The true quality of fable is first of all in the style, in the degree of abstraction, which is not only in some ways Biblical but is always tending toward the proverbial rhythm. ("The setting of the sun is a difficult time for fish.") Next, it is in the simplicity of the narrative, and in the beautiful proportion (about three-fourths to one-fourth) of its rise and fall. Finally, of course, it is in the moral significance of the narrative, this fine story of an ancient who goes too far out, "beyond the boundaries of permitted aspiration," as Conrad put it ("You violated your luck when you went too far outside," the old man thinks), and encounters his destiny:

His choice had been to stay in the deep dark water far out beyond all snares and traps and treacheries. My choice was to go there to find him beyond all people. Beyond all people in the world. Now we are joined together and have been since noon. And no one to help either one of us.

In this isolation, he wins a Conradian victory, which means destruction and triumph. We permit his martyrdom because he has earned it. His sigh is "just a noise such as a man might make, involuntarily, feeling the nail go through his hands and into the wood." He stumbles under the weight of his mast when he carries it across his shoulder, up a hill. He sleeps, finally, "with his arms out straight and the palms of his hands up." There is more than this, and for those who, like this reviewer, believe that Hemingway's art, when it is art, is absolutely incomparable, and that he is unquestionably the greatest craftsman in the American novel in this century, something that is perhaps even more interesting. For this appears to be not only a moral fable, but a parable, and all the controlled passion in the story, all the taut excitement in the prose come, I believe, from the parable. It is an old man catching a fish, yes; but it is also a great artist in the act of mastering his subject, and, more than that, of actually writing about that struggle. Nothing is more important than his craft, and it is beloved; but because it must be struggled with and mastered, it is also a foe, enemy to all self-indulgence, to all looseness of feeling, all laxness of style, all soft pomposities.

"I am a strange old man."

"But are you strong enough now for a truly big fish?"

"I think so. And there are many tricks."

Hemingway, who has always known the tricks, is strong enough now to have mastered his greatest subject. "I could not fail myself and die on a fish like this," the old man reflects. They win together, the great character, the big writer.

CONRAD AIKEN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

by Malcolm Cowley

A SECOND reading confirms my first impression that *Ushant* is one of the great American autobiographies. There aren't so many others as we should like to find. Americans have always been good at writing personal narratives of travel and adventure—the tradition didn't start with *Typee* or *Two Years before the Mast*—and many of our writers, including Mark Twain, Howells and H. L. Mencken, have cast a sunset glow over the world of boyhood. But the mature biography as work of art—or artifact, as Conrad Aiken would call it—with insight, unity and direction, requires a combination of self-absorption and self-forgetfulness that is seldom found in the American character.

USHANT: *An Essay*, by Conrad Aiken (Duell, Sloan and Pearce—Little, Brown; $4.50).

Of course there is *The Education of Henry Adams*, among books of the present century. There is *A Son of the Middle Border*, which is a little too innocent to be popular today, there is *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens*, and there are Dreiser's two narratives of his youth, *Dawn* and *Newspaper Days*, both of them more interesting than his novels—but what shall we add to the list? Only Conrad Aiken's *Ushant*, which has more of an organic structure than any of the others and will make a lasting impression, even though it does not deal with historical movements or public events.

Aiken has led a strictly private life, except for publishing his thirty books: poetry, stories, essays, novels. Even the books have been semi-private, in the sense that none of them has had a sale, I should judge, of more than five thousand copies. Their author has been called the most neglected of the major living American writers and it is almost as if he had chosen to be neglected, by preference or perversity. He has not made

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the professional appearances that are almost obligatory for writers. He has never lectured in colleges, taught in writers' conferences, read his poems to women's clubs, or held editorial posts that involved public contacts. All his life he has been a fascinated observer of literary politics, as one learns from a score of anecdotes in *Ushant*, but he has never played much part in the game or held a high place in what might be called the literary pecking order.

"I hear that you have not been altogether wise in your choice of friends, in London," Ezra Pound once told him. The remark didn't lead him to change his friends, most of whom were painters or psychologists, and neither did commercial offers tempt him to abandon the life of a pretty impecunious writer, devoted to his profession. In the course of years he has become, for many of us, the archetypical man of letters.

When he came to write his own biography he followed his literary instincts by making it a work of art as well as a true story; in fact he gave it a more intricate structure than that of any American novel since Henry James. He also gave it a third-person narrator, who is Aiken, of course, although he calls himself D. (for Demarest, the hero of an earlier autobiographical novel, *Blue Voyage*). The device helps him to talk about himself with stubborn honesty, a complete lack of self-protectiveness and not a little humor.

On the first page of the book ("—— beginning without beginning," Aiken calls it) D. is lying in a stateroom for twelve on a steamship bound for Liverpool. It is two weeks after the end of World War II and the ship is not far from the shoals of Ushant, off the westernmost tip of Brittany. Half-waking, half-dreaming, D. wonders about the emotional necessity that is taking him back to England and then reviews his whole life, starting with his memories of the house where his parents lived in Savannah. At a certain point in the story he remembers and begins to revise the dreamlike book he still intends to write, in which the four characters will represent himself and three of his close companions.

The result is a progression on several levels simultaneously. First, the real ship steams toward Liverpool with its passengers, many of whom we see and hear; next, the life of the narrator moves forward from childhood to middle age, chiefly on the plane of fact (the book is filled with amusing or tragic memories) but sometimes on the plane of dream or nightmare; then there is another movement inward toward the heart of the narrator and our understanding of his character; then—since D. is a novelist—we have his scheme for a book that will truly express his waking and dreaming life; then finally there is the realization that *Ushant* is the very book, first dreamed of, later planned, criticized, rewritten as it were before our eyes, and in the end combining all the planes of action and memory, all the elements of character and experience, in a unison which, Aiken says on the last page, "as it had no beginning can have no end——"

Even the title of the book has a triple meaning. On the factual level Ushant is the nearest land to the point of ocean where the story begins, a cliff-ringed island surrounded by dangerous shoals; then by extension it becomes the poet's goal of complete self-awareness, which is approachable only at the risk of personal shipwreck; and finally, by a punning extension, Ushant is the forbidden; *You shan't*. But these meanings on different levels of title and book do not end in confusion on the part of the reader or lead to a random dispersion of D.'s (or Aiken's) character; on the contrary, one's final impression of the book is its closeness of texture and its unity of tone and subject.

Thinking back on his life, D. concludes that everything in it—the obsessive love of England and Cape Cod that keeps him traveling between them, the devotion to literature, the persistent "war on the unconscious," even his infidelities and his attempt at suicide, which he describes without self-pity or boasting—could be deduced from two incidents of his childhood. One of these was lying on the floor of the nursery in Savannah and reading his first passage of poetry, which was the epigraph to *Tom Brown's Schooldays*: "The poet of White Horse Vale, Sir, with liberal notions under my cap." Not understanding the word "poet," he asked his father what it meant and learned that the admired father had also written poems. From that moment the boy determined to be a poet, with liberal notions, and to live in England somewhere near White Horse Vale. The second incident confirmed the first and froze it into a lasting pattern. Since it was the last and grisliest scene of Aiken's boyhood in Savannah, it should be described in his own words:

> . . . after the desultory early-morning quarrel came the half-stifled scream, and then the sound of his father's voice counting three, and the two loud pistol shots; and he had tiptoed into the dark room, where the two bodies lay motionless, and apart, and, finding them dead, found himself possessed of them forever.

The dead father, who had been so brilliant and so infinitely aware of everything around him, furnished Aiken with a model for emulation; the dead mother was his object of love and longing; the house in Savannah was what he kept trying to rediscover or rebuild, in England and on Cape Cod. "The whole tenor of his life," he says in a slightly different connection, "the signature in which it must be played, was inalterably indicated from that moment." I think he is wrong to suggest that his life has been turned towards the past and deprived of the capacity for change. What happened was that these early scenes compelled him, years afterward, to formulate a principle or purpose that has guided his development as man and artist. He calls the purpose "ancestral," in the senes that it was shared or foreshadowed by many members of the numerous Potter-Aiken connection. Briefly it was to translate as much as possible of human experience into words, and thus to drive back the limits of the merely instinctive or automatic; it was the notion "that consciousness itself was the chief of blessings." The Greek maxim, Know thyself, eventually became a sort of religion for Aiken, ". . . the only religion that was any

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longer tenable or viable, a poetic comprehension of man's position in the universe, and of his potentialities as a poietic shaper of his own destiny, through self-knowledge and love."

The religion of consciousness, to borrow Aiken's phrase and explain his thought, imposes three duties on the literary artist. First, he should be always more and more conscious of the world around him and of himself as part of the world. Second, he should divide himself into two parts or persons, one observing, recording, narrating, while the other is simply a *subject*, to be studied as neutrally and dispassionately as possible. Third, the result of the study should be what he calls an *artifact*, that is, a created object with an internal structure that gives it a life of its own, separate from the life of the artist and useful to the world. There is not space to comment on Aiken's theory of art, which I would regard as a heresy, that is, a valuable but partial truth. Partial as it is, it has been followed by great artists—though none of them has stated it so clearly as Aiken—and it has produced great artifacts, of which perhaps the greatest is Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*. Conrad Aiken's *Ushant* is not on the same scale, but it is a lasting book in the same great line.

IN THE LAND OF NOD

by Arthur Mizener

AFTER I HAD struggled through to the last of *East of Eden's* 602 pages, I began to think I must be wrong about the earlier Steinbeck, that it couldn't possibly be so good as I remembered it: one of the worst things about a bad book is the way it infects your recollection of the author's good work. So I went back and reread some of the stories in *The Long Valley* and it was a great comfort; they are every bit as good as they seemed originally, maybe better. The animals, the people, the places, the weather are all there (in about that order of importance), realized with a remarkable delicacy and humor. And out of this fully realized material there emerges imperceptibly Steinbeck's feeling for life, a feeling that only the continuity of life itself is sure, and that it is enough. This feeling allows him to face things like suffering and death and especially that part of growing up which consists in recognizing and accepting these things, with an odd but impressive dignity. They are part of the process of life and therefore, however painful, justified and fine. Steinbeck's sense of the process controls his sympathy for the individuals involved and keeps it genuine.

EAST OF EDEN, by John Steinbeck (Viking; $4.50).

In a story like *The Red Pony*, even the touch of third-rate mysticism about old Gitano's riding Easter off into the strange mountains and the melodramatic and bloody climax when the colt is born are absorbed by the story because Jody's awareness of the life around him is completely convincing. You ascribe the Shangri-la stuff to Jody's boyhood imagination (though Gitano and Easter are unavoidably Steinbeck's) and the bloody violence to the shock of his first experience of birth. No good story is ever written without risks like these; *The Red Pony* is so very good because Steinbeck takes them and on the whole gets away with them.

But I suppose it was possible to see even in these stories how dangerous the limitations of Steinbeck's feelings were and to guess what would happen if he tried to write in the usual way about people and got to dwelling on the foggy visions and flat moralizing which are his substitutes for a response to adult humanness. Edmund Wilson pointed out a long time ago that Steinbeck had a

> tendency . . . to present life in animal terms . . . [and his characters] . . . in spite of Mr. Steinbeck's attempts to make them figure as heroic human symbols . . . do not quite exist seriously for him as people. It is as if human sentiments and speeches had been assigned to a flock of lemmings on their way to throw themselves into the sea.

Well, the best of the characters in *East of Eden* are these talking animals. Not that you believe in characters like Adam's wife, Cathy, for example; there aren't really animals like this. But until the moral turns her into an illustration for a Salvation-Army speech, Cathy is, like the characters in good animal epics, a fine macabre fancy. Most of the characters are not that interesting. They are comic-strip illustrations of Steinbeck's moral, like Adam and Cal, or they are stock figures who act as mouthpieces for the moralizing—a philosophical Chinaman from some novel by Earl Stanley Gardner or a merry-and-sad Irish blacksmith who says things like, "In a bitter night, a mustard night that was last night, a good thought came and the dark was sweetened when the day sat down." (If you don't believe this, it's right there on page 258). Steinbeck is always catching this old gentleman posed against the sky with "his white hair shining in the starlight;" and his manner keeps spilling over onto the other characters so that they begin to say things like, "In some strange way my eyes have cleared. A weight is off me."

The book's action is always getting lost in a swamp of solemn talk from these philosophers. The Chinaman even reads aloud from Marcus Aurelius and the Irishman from *Genesis*—the whole Cain and Abel story. It isn't enough that Steinbeck's title is from the passage in *Genesis* ("And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden,") or that his hero is named Adam, or that Adam's brother tries to kill him and has a scar on his forehead, or that Adam's sons are named Caleb and Aaron (Aaron likes hunting but Caleb is a gardener). Steinbeck is far more interested in bludgeoning us with his hopped-up commonplaces about abstract evil and abstract good than he is in making us see his people and their lives.

Luckily he cannot fill six hundred pages with Deep Thoughts from the Best Thinkers. *East of Eden* was apparently conceived as an epic about the Salinas Valley and Steinbeck seems to

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imagine that the basic principle of the epic is "plenty of everything." He doesn't even get the hero to the Valley for over a hundred pages. One of the fortunate results of this catch-all method is that he puts in a number of things which, though they are never effectively related to the action, are entertaining in themselves. There are amusing scenes like Olive Steinbeck's airplane ride and Dessie Hamilton's return to King City; there are a few spare, exciting episodes like Adam's escape from the chain gang or Cathy's murders of her parents and of Faye. Occasionally Steinbeck's old ant-hill-observer's feeling about humans and their institutions asserts itself and we get wryly sympathetic accounts of how difficult it is to run a good whorehouse and how Kate does it. And once in a long while his fine feeling for the animals and plants and weather of the Salinas Valley emerges. Most of the time the characters and events are forced into stagey postures and well-made-play situations by the moral, and sometimes they are forced off the stage altogether while Steinbeck himself lectures us about Life.

> A child may ask, "What is the world's story about?" And a grown man or woman may wonder, "What way will the world go? How does it end and, while we're at it, what's the story about?"
>
> I believe there is only one story in the world. . . . Humans are caught—in their lives, in their thoughts, in their hungers and ambitions, in their avarice and cruelty, and in their kindness and generosity too — in a net of good and evil. Etc.

There is evidence even in *East of Eden* of what is quite clear from Steinbeck's earlier work, that so long as he sticks to animals and children and to situations he can see to some purpose from the point of view of his almost biological feeling for the continuity of life he can release the considerable talent and sensitivity which are naturally his. As soon as he tries to see adult experience in the usual way and to find the familiar kind of moral in it, the insight and talent cease to work and he writes like the author of any third-rate best-seller. Let us hope that some day he will go back to the Long Valley he really knows and maybe even find Jody Tifin there.

NO SINGLE STANDARD OF MORALITY

by Francis Biddle

THIS BRIEF DISCUSSION embodies the substance of the three Godwin lectures which Senator Douglas delivered at Harvard in January, 1952. His training as a scholar permits his approach to this study of corruption in government to be broad and clear; his experience as an alderman in Chicago and as a United States Senator, with two years' service as a member of the Fulbright Committee investigating the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, prevents him from oversimplifying a very complex problem, and makes the book realistic. It has the added virtue of being readable as well as timely, a reminder that the problem is more important and enduring than a temporary political issue, soon to be forgotten in our bustling American life.

ETHICS IN GOVERNMENT, by Paul H. Douglas (Harvard University Press; $3).

Senator Douglas points out that we tend to remember the public servants who have been corrupted and to forget the private corrupters, so that a double standard is tacitly accepted. Secretary Fall was convicted for accepting a bribe of $100,000 from E. L. Doheny, the oil man, who was in turn acquitted for offering it. This point of view goes to the root of the matter. Public servants cannot be expected to rise much above the ethics of the community from which they are drawn. Thus the deep freezers and the mink coats, the crookedness in the Bureau of Internal Revenue, the basketball "fixes," the systematic cheating in examinations at West Point, the wide-spread politico-criminal activities unearthed by the Kefauver Committee are all part of the same picture.

Senator Douglas discusses several measures calculated to prevent acts by a public official which are not now illegal, but which are "markedly improper" —engaging in business transactions for personal profit based on official position or official knowledge; accepting gifts from or discussing future employment with persons with whom the official has conducted public business; "practicing" immediately after leaving the Government before the agency with which the official was recently associated. An investigation, he believes, should be made to determine the actual total costs of the present campaign, with a view to strengthening the federal Corrupt Practices Act, now patently incomplete; and of considering the payment, to some extent at least, of these expenses out of taxes. This last proposal has been made before, but never adequately canvassed, and deserves serious consideration. It might do much to remove the private pressures on public officials after they have been elected.

That dishonesty in public and private life is not new with us, that it keeps recurring like waves in the industrial cycle—the Yazoo land frauds, the Whiskey Ring under the Grant Administration, the plunder of the Ohio gang in the 1920's, the contemporary "rascals" —is hardly consoling, any more than the fact that the fortunes of many of England's leading families from the time of Elizabeth to William Pitt the elder "were laid in fraud and corruption," whereas today public dishonesty in Great Britain is almost non-existent. It is not worth speculating whether Englishmen are more *fundamentally* honest than Americans, but the fact remains they they behave more honestly. I am tempted to think that Senator Douglas is a little naïve when he suggests that a "majority of those who go wrong, blunder into evil through ignorance." It would hardly do, I suppose, for a man in public life not to believe in the native purity of Americans.

But, being somewhat skeptical about the effectiveness of that purity if unaided, and assuming that habit is largely responsible for behavior, I wish the Senator had given more consideration to improving public standards by the building of a civil service tradition, as in England, where a sense of dignity

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and pride in the service resist the pressures of corruption. Here we have never had that tradition; and Government service, except in the military branches, and in a few of the civilian services, such as the Federal Bureau of Investigation, is not considered an honorable and enviable way of life, as it is today in England. It is worth asking, therefore, whether the English civil service is not better calculated than ours to tempt men of high calibre to choose public service as a career, and to create the *esprit de corps* essential to its most effective functioning. For competence and honesty in the public service are apt to be found together. If a man of ability chooses such work rather than the more lucrative career of a private business or profession, he is usually influenced by larger considerations than those which suggest this as a safe and easy way of making a living. Men who are not seeking the deeper satisfactions of public work are also less apt to recognize the degradation involved in yielding to the smaller temptations which lead to the larger moral failures. And methods have been devised and can be adopted to attract abler men to the Government. But that is another story.

IMPORTANT CONVICTIONS

A DECLARATION OF FAITH, by Herbert Agar (Houghton Mifflin; $3).

EVERY LITERATE PERSON in the United States would do well to read this book. It requires a high degree of literacy to do it, for, while the book is a stirring affirmation of personal faith, it is grounded in the conviction that "we are heirs to a great heritage," and that "the reverent use of history" is our profound need; in consequence of which Mr. Agar devotes a major portion of his book to re-examining and re-interpreting Greek, European and American history. At times the details of this re-appraisal may try the reader's patience; at times the structure of the author's argument may seem to be confused by his excursions, here, there and everywhere, from ancient Bulgaria to McCarthyism, from Antigone to Sartre; but, in the end, the structure holds together, the argument is clear and the declaration of faith is impressive and even imperative.

Among Mr. Agar's convictions one may put first his insistence on an object of ethical loyalty higher than the state. He starts with Antigone's defiance of King Creon:

> I did not rate
> Thy proclamations for a thing so great
> As by their human strength to have overtrod
> The unwritten and undying laws of God.

He notes Jesus' revolutionary command: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's. From such beginnings he traces the "great heritage" of the West—that no government has the right to dictate on matters of conscience. He makes a thrilling story of it, and brings its significance to bear with disturbing impact on our national and international situation now.

A consequent conviction follows: that some things are absolutely right and some things absolutely wrong. He quotes with approval Sir Thomas More's declaration on the scaffold: "I die the King's good servant, but God's first." Against the prevalent loose talk about the mere relativity of good and evil he takes his stand. Some things it is everlastingly wrong for us to do to our neighbor and to our world. He grants the endless variety of moral customs; he sees the differences in ethical judgment between Cicero, Aquinas and Lincoln; but he insists still on the solid core of spiritual values and ethical standards which time and tide do not change. "The disagreements," he says, "between Cicero and Aquinas, or Aquinas and Lincoln, are surprisingly few." He quotes with approval Goldwin Smith's statement: "A sound political morality will sanction strong measures in evil times; selfish ambition, treachery, murder, perjury, it will never sanction, for these are the things that make times evil; justice has been justice from the beginning."

Underneath these two convictions in Mr. Agar's declaration lies a third: that these ethical "musts" are grounded in the nature of the universe. They are not human whims or the mere echoes of passing social conditions. "Right and wrong," he says, are not "the servants of an economic system." They spring from the nature of Reality, whether that Reality be called "natural law" or "God." "The concept of a law," he says, "that is independent of any sovereign, which cannot be repealed, which has a sanction that the state can neither give nor take away, is the rock on which our society rests."

Amid our prevalent moral apathy and indifference, with their accompanying skepticism, disillusionment and despair, this stout re-affirmation of our Greek-Jewish-Christian heritage of faith in eternal spiritual values is, to say the least, refreshing. "Some things are eternally right," says Mr. Agar, and "are not to be violated by the powers of this world."

While he may be refreshing, however, Mr. Agar is disturbing too. The West, in general, and America in particular, do not look well in the light of his declaration. "Our most deadly fault," he says, "is self-satisfaction." He comes in swinging on that fault, reminding one again and again of Emerson's remark: "The American eagle is very well; protect it here and abroad. But beware of the American peacock."

He traces the growth of nationalism and shows up its deadly evils with an unsparing pen. He calls it "a new poison for which we must find a new drug." He makes plain with indubitable instances from history the ways in which nationalistic democracy can be debauched and become dictatorial tyranny. "Fear and selfish nationalism," he writes, "nationalism and more economic controls—economic controls and more big government—big government and more nationalism, more fear—we are trapped in an ugly cage of our own contriving, and we shall not escape by asking politicians please to save us."

He is as anti-communist as the best of us, but he shows in one of the most valuable passages in his books how from Bentham through Karl Marx on, the West developed the ideas that made

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communism possible. As for war and its suicidal futility, from the Greek wars that ruined Athens he draws lessons that remind one of Jesus' saying: "Except ye repent, ye shall all in like manner perish."

To a reviewer accustomed to theological jargon, Mr. Agar's book has a special interest. He uses none of the jargon; his vocabulary is drawn from the ordinary speech of the secular world; but what he says is what religion, at its best, should today be emphasizing. We need Agars as teachers in our theological seminaries.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

A PRESIDENT REFLECTS

THE MEMORS OF HERBERT HOOVER: *The Great Depression, 1929-1941* (Macmillan; $5).

POLITICAL DEBATE has a new way of simplifying and often misrepresenting the complex realities of politics. On the stage of politics, angels and devils appear who win both glory and blame far beyond the capacity of any man to do good or evil. It was Mr. Hoover's misfortune that he bore the blame for the sins of an era. For his good works and good intentions, he received no credit, for politics paints in bold colors and is no respecter of nuances of light and shadow. If this, the third volume of Mr. Hoover's memoirs, has a dominant argument it is that of a sensitive man, deeply wounded by the cruelties of political debate, who attempts to set out the record of his own motives and actions, to show that he was not a heartless man who personally brought about the hardships of the Great Depression.

Although the argument is long, its main points can be summarized briefly. The story falls into three parts: the origins of the depression and remedial measures, the campaign of 1932, and "the aftermath." Hoover locates the storm center of the depression in Europe, but gives credit to domestic causes such as Federal Reserve facilitation of stock market speculation, against which he had protested even before he became President. Hoover initiated many of the programs that later blossomed under the New Deal, but his recital of remedial action is in considerable degree a story of frustration. Republicans in Congress, Democrats in Congress, organized banking, or some other obstacle always seemed to prevent the full fruition of his designs. The bankers defeated his proposals to strengthen the banking system; the Democrats blocked the balancing of the budget; and the Republicans of both wings alternately made life miserable for him.

Hoover places responsibility on Roosevelt as President-elect for the banking panic of February, 1933. Hoover urged Roosevelt to announce firmly that the budget would be balanced, new projects would be so restricted that bond issues would "not endanger the stability o' government finances," and that there would be no inflation. Such affirmations, Hoover argues, would have prevented the panic. They would also have committed Roosevelt on the eve of the New Deal to Republican policies, although Hoover contends that they would have been mere repetitions of earlier campaign pledges. The banking panic ran its course and FDR closed the banks. "The whole panic," says Hoover, "was simply an induced hysteria among bank depositors." It was, Hoover repeats, "a hysteria . . . induced by Roosevelt's own conduct." It was not necessary to close the banks, Hoover avows, "all he needed to do, until bank depositors got over the panic, was to restrict bank payments to necessary business and limit foreign exchange likewise." Closing the banks "was the American equivalent of the burning of the Reichstag to create 'an emergency'." Politics is a harsh calling, but these strictures by an ex-President match those of the most irresponsible Roosevelt hater. The fates of life and death give Mr. Hoover the last word in this debate with Mr. Roosevelt over motive. It need only be suggested that alternative explanations are quite as plausible. Instead of burning Reichstags, Mr. Roosevelt may simply have been demonstrating superior judgment in the choice of means to calm a panicky people.

The account of the campaign of 1932 leans heavily on speeches by Hoover and Roosevelt. The effect is to make Hoover a man of both good intentions and great foresight and to make Mr. Roosevelt something less than an angel. Hoover is intent on establishing that he "did something" about the depression and in correcting what he regards as widely believed misrepresentations of his record. These chapters will doubtless be relied on by Republican orators as they attempt to offset the rather widespread impression that their party bears some responsibility for the Great Depression. Yet the record recalls items that refurbish Mr. Hoover's reputation, and the Democratic partisan can take no comfort from some of the 1932 views of Mr. Roosevelt.

The period, 1933-1941, Mr. Hoover labels "The Aftermath, The Great Depression—Sixth Phase." The argument seems to be in essence that things did not get any better from 1933 to 1941, in fact that the New Deal retarded recovery, views not shared by a majority of the voters in 1938 and 1940. The New Deal is treated as "an attempt to cross-breed Socialism, Fascism and Free Enterprise." A few of the chapter titles indicate the general tenor: "Collectivism Comes to the Currency—And Its Consequences;" "Fascism Comes to Agriculture;" "Fascism Comes to Business—With Dire Consequences." The Great Depression, Hoover contends, did not end in the United States until World War II.

Although Mr. Hoover succeeds in establishing the axiomatic proposition that partisan caricatures do not faithfully picture him and in separating himself to some extent from many of those with whom he shared political bedfellowship, he seems to have no understanding of what happened in 1932. The people swung a broad axe and Mr. Hoover happened to be both the spokesman and the symbol of the regime that was thrown from power. It was his fate—as it has been and will be of other Presidents—to bear accountability for matters beyond his control. Presidents are elected to do the impossible and are judged accordingly.

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Yet Mr. Hoover's book must be treated as more than partisan apologia. We have little in the way of reflective comment on the Presidency by men with experience on the job. A report by an ex-President on the workings of our government in a period of crisis inevitably raises questions that transcend the role of the man. The leaderless interval between the election and the succession to the Presidency has been shortened since Hoover's day, but the possibility still exists of partisan divisions between President and Congress in moments of great national danger. A Democratic House under Roosevelt quickly enacted measures it had denied to Hoover. The party system still contains within itself contradictions such as those that plagued Hoover. The great independent regulatory agencies still have the power to fix their own national policy. The story of Hoover and the Federal Reserve Board presents a sorry spectacle of governmental paralysis induced by the existence of autonomous centers of administrative power. Nor does one have to agree with Mr. Hoover that the New Deal was Fascistic to concur with the judgment that it did not evolve a completely satisfactory general economic policy. One may regard Mr. Hoover's views on many issues as completely wrongheaded, yet his memoirs suggest areas of governmental structure and policy about which solid and sustained reflection is still in order.

V. O. KEY, JR.

A LADY OF LETTERS

MRS. REYNOLDS *and five earlier novelettes,* by Gertrude Stein (Yale University Press; $5).

GERTRUDE STEIN disclaimed writing novels, and though this second volume of her posthumous works is a collection of novels they are novels with a large difference. *Mrs. Reynolds* is a war novel, differing by presenting not battles but the unexpected compositions of the average life in time of war. Or, it describes the common experience of time in a time of war. Or, more plainly, as its epilogue says:

> This book is an effort to show the way anybody could feel these years *(1940-1942)*. It is a perfectly ordinary couple living an ordinary life and having ordinary conversations and really not suffering personally from everything that is happening but . . . all over them is the shadow of two men. . . . There is nothing historical about this book except the state of mind.

Much of the material is taken from "ordinary" happenings in the countryside of the Ain after the defeat of France in 1940, and the two men who cast shadows — Angel Harper and Joseph Lane — are derived from Adolf Hitler and Joseph Stalin, but the book exceeds and romances the factual material as does a state of mind in time of war, when too the habitual importances and relations and paces of peace-time are suspended and anybody's life down to its smallest details composes itself in a different way. The book is written both in such a different way and for the "ordinary" reader, whose literary sense may be bothered but not his sense of the reality of war-time when the book tells tirelessly whether Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds went to bed early or late, how they slept, what they dreamed, when they woke, whether they felt depressed or hopeful, how the weather was, whether the day was long or short, things which in peace-time and most writing do not make a self-sustaining event, but in war-time do. He will know the feeling that "there was so much going on that it was just as if nothing at all was happening," or that "you have to be right about everything just now," or the virtue of superstitions and predictions, the portentousness of small events. "They were in a hurry to get home because anything might be dangerous just then anything." The lamb dying of hunger will assume for him, beyond its natural pathos, its interminable meaning; any simple fact can become as prodigious as the prophecies of Saint Odile which are frequently quoted, to set the pitch.

The quality and movement of events are determined less by a story, though the growing shadow of Angel Harper does make a central story, than by the age he is when they happen, by the irresolution, precipitation, regret and so on that variegate a character through its forties and fifties. In Angel Harper the confusion of middle age is worse confounded by his dismal recollections of himself as a boy or young man. His memories outdo surrealism, mysteriously horrible and commonplace at once. They derive from the morbid anachronisms in Hitler but function in the novel to make the past as real or dangerous as the present, while the ancient prophecies of Saint Odile make the future so. Problems of the dimensions of time occupied Gertrude Stein many years, and in this novel she contrives to get past, present, and future together in a state of "imminence." This *time* may become as important to other writers as her "continuous present" once was, or the similar time-schemes of the *Odyssey*, but that is a technical problem, and the "ordinary" reader, whose business is with results, may well find the time and movement of this novel absorbing and strangely familiar, as wartime.

The five novelettes do not deal in so gregarious a manner with common experience and are no doubt more for the student, to whom *Brim Beauvais* (1931) will have major importance as the climax of her most solitary style. She thought it succeeded "very often" in a style which dispenses with sight, sound, information, and feeling, to isolate a vibration. Something of the style and its purpose is in the sentence: "And then to be then with then not with them." The vocabulary is usually richer than that, but there is, throughout, that vigor of insistence, the turning of large blocks of meaning on small points of form, as with "then" and "them" above, where a fraction of a letter marks the decision to be with a time and not with people. (However, the last sentence of the work is "Shall we join them" and marks politely the coming epoch of her writing, in which her popular books like *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* came). I do not understand all of it, but many small parts of it are quite evidently beautiful.

The other novelettes are minor but very charming if you are used to the manners, especially *Marguerite, or A*

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Simple Novel of High Life, which says of its heroine, "So that Marguerite is not toothless and fevered she is just pale and fair."

Still, the important work in this volume, for both the student and the "ordinary" reader, must be *Mrs. Reynolds*. It offers little obscurity by anybody's lights and is enormously funny very often, as often as terrible, like war. If not Gertrude Stein's greatest novel, it is surely her handsomest so far and most human. It should be no trouble, but, just in case, Lloyd Frankenberg has provided an introduction which does most engagingly and clearly make the introductions, besides being an added pleasure. DONALD SUTHERLAND

Mr. Sutherland, a professor of Classics at the University of Colorado, is the author of Gertrude Stein: A Biography of Her Work.

IN MINUTE PARTICULARS

THE PYTHONESS AND OTHER POEMS, by Kathleen Raine (Farrar, Straus and Young; $2.50).

IT IS THE TECHNICAL ASPECT of Miss Raine's poetry which strikes the reader first. As for form, her range is not great; but like Richard Wilbur in this country, and William Empson in her own, she demonstrates at every point a taut assurance of control which goes far to establish the quiet violence characteristic of her work at its best. She is, moreover, unusually sensitive to modulations of sound: the placing of rimes, the crisscross of internal assonances, the deftly constructed pattern-play of consonants—in short, whatever sonal devices can be contrived for establishing a mood or heightening a feeling. Which is to say that she is a craftsman of a very high order; and if she were no more than this, she would still be a refreshing phenomenon in an age of slick, mechanical technic. But she is much more than this. She is her own Pythoness: a seer. Her insight is deep, her mysticism real and sometimes troubling. So:

From my blind womb all kingdoms come,
And from my grave seven sleepers prophesy.
No babe unborn but wakens to my dream,
No lover but at last entombed in me shall lie.

I am that feared and longed-for burning place
Where man and phoenix are consumed away,
And from my low polluted bed arise
New sons, new suns, new skies.

The mixture of the gnomic and the erotic here is a minor triumph of art. No less impressive is the skill with which what would ordinarily be clichés of poetry—"blind womb", "seven sleepers", "babe unborn", "consumed away" are scraped clean, restored to life. The process is sensed, though it can hardly be described; it is the act of poetry. The purist may grumble that since the ear should be at least as much involved as the eye, the pun in the last line, being purely visual, constitutes a flaw. I own the justice of his grumble, but it does not disturb my faith in the passionate integrity of the verses. They may elude analysis, but their quality is instant; *circum praecordia ludunt*—they play about the heart.

The scope of this poetry is not large. Miss Raine has wisely chosen to limit herself—wisely, as though realizing that the lyric sweep, the sustained flight, are not for her—and the result is a contemplation of the great basic themes in miniature. Love, birth, death, renewal; the apprehension of the whole *in parvo;* a highly personalized and very lovely version of the Wordsworthian "natural piety." There is a strangeness of perception here that can convert the matter-of-fact into a kind of mystical brutality:

Through the hole in my body
I bleed away
Through a void as vast
As the lack of love.

(Indeed, the whole of the poem *Nativity* from which these lines are quoted deserves study as an example of the imaginative transformation of unlikely material into something rich and complex). Or again, in *The Invisible Spectrum*, a conceit which sticks in the mind:

Everywhere
There are holes in the air,
Graves open to receive us.

And sometimes it is a single phrase, like "the barred doors of my Goneril heart"

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By HENRY ADAMS

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(*Storm*), which irradiates the entire poem, altering the tensions and, in this instance, the meaning itself. What is admirable, of course, is the concentration of this writing. "My Goneril heart" and "holes in the air, / Graves open . . . " are more than a sensitive allusion and a queer conceit: they unfold, it would seem, endlessly, yielding more and more as they are pondered.

So tricky a manner of seeing and writing has its dangers, naturally, and Miss Raine does not always avoid them. I think it significant that her failures occur most often when she tries to exceed, whether in diction or in movement. In the last two stanzas of *Winter Fire*, for example, things have got out of hand (I quote the next to the last):

Once Troy and Dido's Carthaginian pyre
And Baldur's ship, and fabulous London burning,
Robes, wooden walls and crystal palaces
In their apotheosis were such flames as these . . .

Not merely are the syntax and punctuation annoyingly ambiguous: this is moving towards the epic, it is a putting on of the singing-robe; and Miss Raine can not sing in this way without appearing selfconscious. She fails for a different reason when she affects the vocabulary of science, of which she is fond. At any rate, I find only the grotesque in "strange monsters, amoeboid erythrean spawn," and

. . . the male nerve-impulse, monition of reality,
Conveys the charge, dynamic of non-entity
That sparks across the void *ex nihilo*.

(I am somehow reminded of "Across the pale parabola of joy.") Possibly I am more troubled by these lapses than I should be. Their very infrequency may enforce more attention to them than they deserve. And of course Bacon has his saw about there being no excellent beauty without some strangeness in the proportion. Let us admit the strangeness, then, for certainly there is much excellent beauty.

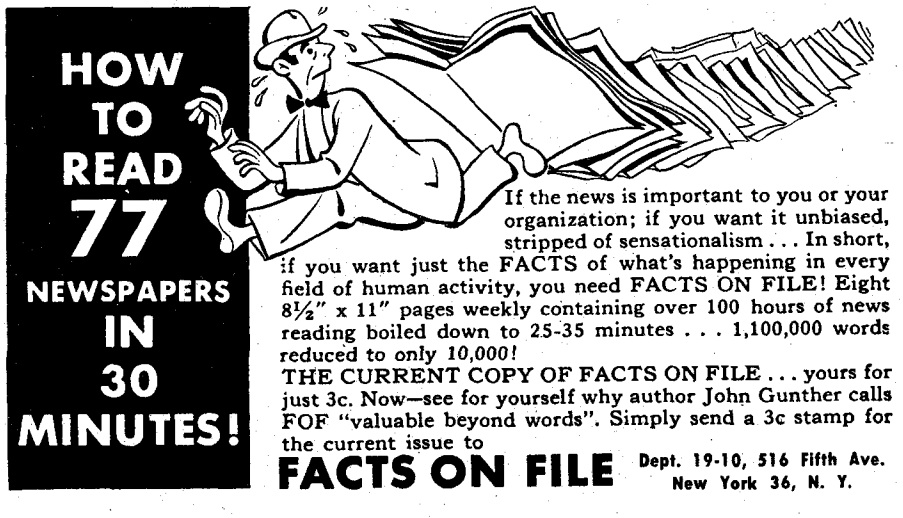
DUDLEY FITTS

A HANDFUL OF DUST

J. P. MARQUAND, ESQUIRE, by Philip Hamburger (Houghton Mifflin; $2).

READERS WHO enjoy Philip Hamburger's pleasant, easy-going pieces in the *New Yorker* are likely to be disappointed in his new book. When Hamburger's Marquand pieces were serialized in that magazine during the Spring, they read like the dutiful fulfilment of a dull assignment. Assembled now as "A Profile in the Form of a Novel," they make a piece that is considerably less than the sum of its parts. Instead of using his own usually charming style, Hamburger imitates Marquand's own style, and does it very successfully, but I can't see that this is an admirable accomplishment. The contrivances that are used to make the piece read like fiction are consistently irritating, and why anyone should care to act as Boswell to Mr. Marquand is completely beyond me. Certainly the kindest thing one can do for Mr. Hamburger is to forget all about this book.

R.E.



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THE USES OF THE PAST

by Robert Richman

THE EMPHASIS in contemporary arts and letters of a concern for and a use of the Past and the conscious attempt of many twentieth century artists to send down roots into the older and earlier soils of culture and traditions are as signal as any mode or movement in the arts since 1945. Whereas certain notable artists—say T. S. Eliot or Paul Hindemith—were engaging history experimentally on their desks, our present generation has now become history-minded. Many are at last becoming mature in their reverence of history; though some few still taint themselves with reaction in their turning to the Past. The experimenters of the next half century none knows well nor adequately enough, at this time. Our Age of Experiment wanes, while artists are at work settling the land which the experimentalists and explorers discovered—the Symbolists, the Cubists, the Surrealists, the Constructivists. The artist today is husbanding the land with a use of the tools and materials of the Past.

At least, so seems the trend. Of four worthy books published this year which are so engaged, one is the excellent novel, *The Fourteenth of October* by Bryher (Pantheon; $2.75). It is a distinguished fiction, unique in its mastery of our language and idiom though the tale is told in an eleventh century manner. Centering as she does on the preparations, the havoc and the sufferings of the Saxons during the last raid of the Danes on Britain, the interim, and then the Battle of Hastings with the Norman ravishment of the Saxons that followed, the novelist remains a fine craftsman anonymously withdrawn from the making of the story as though she were saga singer; (indeed she hides herself with a psuedonym). The quite considerable action of the novel comes entirely to the reader through the consciousness and sensitivity of young Wulf the Saxon. Thus the novel achieves that rare quality of anonymity—the quality in a work of art we regard most highly—to be found in the Bayeux tapestry

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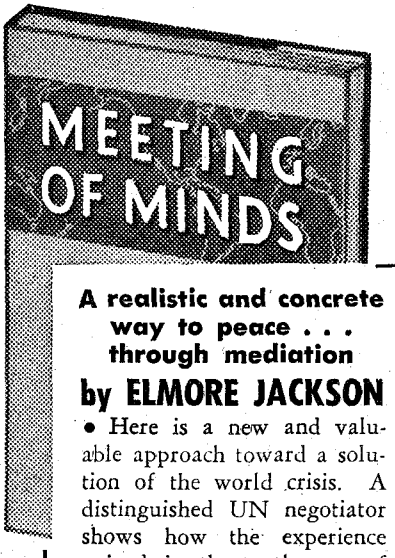
depicting the identical acts and battles of King Harald.

It has been achieved by Bryher's gentle mastery of one important technic in the craft of fiction: specifically (it has been called by Henry James, the central authority) a method of control by which in this fiction all the action and the reader's reactions to it are funneled through the central character—Wulf the Saxon. By this and other skills, Bryher gives the genre of the historical novel a splendid melding of the method of the medieval tale, of Scott's "historical present" narration, of James' "central authority," and of Joyce's "stream-of-consciousness."

In this convalescent period of history following the Conquest, the Monks and Clerics, usually thought to have brought the culture of Europe to the Isles, were at this work. In spite of this good arose the inevitable conflict, born of a need for power, between the Church and the State. It burst in 1170 when Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, lost his arguments and his life to King Henry II. T. S. Eliot created from this event in history a symbolic loss in his *Murder in the Cathedral*, the poetic drama which has been variously praised as the finest Christian tragedy in English verse. Of the many considerations, I point to one: in the making of the film of this poetic drama, the use of history proper to the medium of fine poetry has been observed for Mr. Eliot oversaw the text and wrote new verse passages (which seem cast in the vein of *The Cocktail Party)* to introduce the drama to the film medium. That anonymity which Mr. Eliot achieves so well in the speeches of The Women of Canterbury chorus, in the Christmas Sermon and in the dialogue between Becket and the Fourth Tempter has been beautifully complimented in the decor and costumes in the film with an anonymity reminiscent of the stained glass in 12th Century English cathedrals. From there the players seem to come. Photographs and sketches of decor and costumes enhance and text pleasantly proving again the sound aesthetic of the British film director, George Hoellering, who collaborated in this edition: *The Film of Murder in the Cathedral* (Harcourt, Brace; $6).

In quite a different kind of book, *A Monk at the Potter's Wheel*, by Vincent Eley (British Book Center; $4.75) this same period in history is used. The potters of medieval England achieved a simple excellence in their pots at once rugged and graceful and useful, in such a degree, that the work of these English craftsmen—also anonymous for none signed his work—must be compared with the pottery of the Tang and Sung dynasties of China. Eley edges back into the 12th century seeking especially the pots made by the potter-monks of the Cistercian order. These monks helped make that Golden Age of English pottery; and Eley desires to find artisan roots in his special heritage so that he can revivify the practice of pottery in his abbey today. It was very gratifying to read that he had the advantages of advice and encouragement from the best of the modern English potters—Bernard Leach and the late T. S. Haile; it was equally as sad to learn that Vincent Eley trained in academic art schools, when surely apprenticing with one of the country potters (in whom the tradition comes down unbroken from the Middle Ages) or with an artist-potter like Bernard Leach at St. Ives would have been not only a better training in technics and aesthetic standards, but a training exactly suited to the modern potter-monk, in the very essence of the older tradition he seeks with his monastic vows of work and workship. Eley tried in the simplest way to return to the pottery traditions of the Middle Ages so that he could train his hand in coiling and throwing and have the feeling of history in his fingers, as he worked.

In a wholly differing way, surely one of the important books of the year as of the past is *The Two Crosses of Todos Santos* by Maud Oakes (Bollingen Series: Pantheon; $5). In the strict sense this is a distinguished work in anthropology (highly honored by professionals) which, in treating the survival of Mayan religious rituals, opens a new vista of the Mayan culture of Guatemala. But the book has a larger significance: Miss Oakes, in a delightful prose style, and using her scholarship only as a tool unlocks the meanings of the customs and manners of the Mam Indians, with whom she lived for many months. The chapters in which she explains the death wake of a mother for her young baby, or the Year Bearer ceremony or the Calendar and its ceremonies, and the chapter on Fiestas and Dances combine to offer a penetrating and charming interpretation of the Catholic surface and the underrocks of the eloquent Mayan culture, one of the great branches of Pre-columbian civilizations, which has so profoundly influenced contemporary painting, sculpture, city-planning and pottery, both here and abroad. When I look for a comparable scope and excellence, I think of Frazer's *Golden Bough* or Weston's *From Ritual to Romance.* By her particular and special use and with a craftsman's sure hand, she has persuaded history to be its own oracle.



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PICKWICK IN LOVE!

by Eric Bentley

IN THE THEATRE, if we are amused, all else is forgiven and no questions are asked: amusement itself is nowadays a rare enough bird. We would not complain that a play is inferior to the novel it's based on if at least it provide us with a modicum of the special pleasure of theater-going.

But why should we be lenient when we are not amused? Stanley Young's *Mr. Pickwick* at the Plymouth is a bad play badly performed. Since indeed it is so bad a play that it would probably not be performed at all but for certain circumstances outside its own boundaries it is less pertinent to define the badness than the circumstances. The chief of these is that the play is "drawn from" a novel by Charles Dickens. It is Dickens' name that brings the audience to the theatre. It is because his name is in the program that they laugh at many a line which would be greeted by stony silence if signed by me, you, or Stanley Young.

It should be superfluous to say that many lines in *The Pickwick Papers* are genuinely funny, that the book abounds in incidents and characters seen and provided with precise stage directions by one of the greatest dramatic geniuses in all English history. Our complaint must not be that Mr. Young is so dependent on Dickens but that he is not dependent enough. Or, more precisely, that he draws on Dickens' prestige without drawing sufficiently on Dickens' work. The program tells us Mr. Young drew "freely" from Dickens, which turns out to mean not only that he adds things of his own but that even when he is merely "translating" he translates inaccurately and misses the force of the original. It is not Dickens he gives us but a dim and distorted image of Dickens which—having in mind that every great teacher is reduced by his disciples to an ism—we might call Dickensianism. The Dickensianism of the Dickens cult. The idea of a Dickens who is all warm sentiment and coy humor. A genteel Dickens in fact; the British director, Mr. Burrell, has attached an American playwright to that same genteel tradition which I have accused of handicaping British Shakespeare production. The tradition that maims the bard positively decapitates Dickens. The attempt to make a gentleman of Shakespeare can never quite succeed, but the attempt to make a lower-middle-class sentimentalist of Dickens has succeeded before it starts; for that, among other things, is what he is. It is of course for the "other things" that he has value; but adaptors, directors and actors can reduce him to nothing by reducing him to the only one of his dozen *personae* which is alternately uninteresting and objectionable.

A man of sentiment, Mr. Pickwick is not a sentimental conception, though with a touch less of salt he would be so. (This of course is an unjustly negative way of putting it. Dickens' achievement is not that he avoided sentimentality but that he rendered sentiment with so special a delicacy; later he was to do bigger things; he never again did this thing). Mr. Young has replaced Dickens' salt with the sugar of Dickensianism. If Dickens can transfigure a cliché, Mr. Young can reduce it to cliché again; the coach of Cinderella dwindles into a pumpkin.

Dickens' Pickwick has become a legendary figure, a piece of furniture in the mansion of the western mind. By dint of poetic imagination Dickens contrived to create one of those rare characters who have not only features and an identity but also a shimmering glamour; he hasn't only a face, one might almost say, he has an aureole too. Without his aureole, a character so poetically conceived, a character rendered by nuance and aroma, and wrought in gossamer, is little more than an old fool. On the stage, Mr. Pickwick (and with him Mr. Young) might possibly be saved by genius in the actor, which can have the same shimmer and insubstantiality. George Howe, who plays the part, is a fine performer. His Polonius was good when I first saw it eighteen years ago and it is still good, it is quite unchanged in fact, now that it is misnamed Pickwick. It has no aureole. It is not legendary.

Mr. Pickwick without his Pickwickian radiance is a poor forked animal indeed, yet Mr. Young adds insult to injury, imposition to deprivation, by also changing the animal's features. Transferring a piece of action, Hollywood-fashion, from one character to another, he presents us with the only violent sensation of the evening: dismay at the discovery that his Pickwick is in love. He has been saddled with the egregious Mr. Tupman's passion for Rachel Wardle. Pickwick in Love! Queen Victoria might have asked for this, as Queen Elizabeth is said to have asked for the similar degradation of Falstaff. She didn't, though; the Playwrights' Company rushes in where empresses fear to tread.

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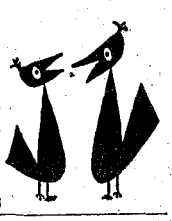

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That isn't all. The idea of Pickwick in love could only occur to someone who has rejected the idea of Pickwick. And someone who has rejected Pickwick need not stop at mere rejection. He can then take Pickwick and throw him into the Thames in a basket of soiled linen. The soiled linen in this case is the lady herself, and the Thames is the inanity of the whole relationship. True, Pickwick emerges from his bath of vapid sentimentality before he is done—but only because the lady has given up collecting moths (!) and instead has collected (!!) Stiggins.

One's quarrel with the Dickensians is not that they admire Dickens too much but that they don't admire him at all; they admire Dickensianism. They profess admiration for Dickens, yet, admiring him for little qualities, and being unable to think little of themselves, they cannot help taking a superior attitude to the supposed object of their veneration. So it is that what is meant for homage is really an affront. In the Young-Burrell production, for example, there is scarcely a walk, a gesture, an intonation, that is not an insult to the memory of a great artist. Oh, of course, it's all meant to be charming. But if you really believed Dickens to be charming you wouldn't strain like that to make him so. Anyway, Mr. Burrell should know that charm canno be acted. It can only emanate fron good acting as the aroma emanates from good brandy.

Would *Pickwick Papers* make a good play in any case? It seems doubtful. The dramatic nature of Dickens' genius is a lure to the theatrical adaptor—and a trap. Dramatic characters and incidents are not in themselves a play. In acknowledging that Dickens *could* have been a great dramatist one mustn't forget that what he did make of himself was—a great novelist. If I have implied that his dialogue often requires only a faithful copyist for adaptation to the stage, it is also true that none of his novels could become a great play without the collaboration of a great playwright.

AUDEN *(Continued from page 17)* the whole approach of the psychoanalysts, irrespective of any particular theory they may hold.

The opposition can certainly find plenty of ammunition in psychoanalytic literature; for, while it is possible to do important work (though not, I believe, the greatest) in the natural sciences without being a wise and great man, the most routine exercises in a field that involves the personal and historical demand wisdom, and a psychoanalyst who lacks it cannot write a five-minute paper without giving himself away as a vulgar nincompoop.

The same holds for the reader; a man may fail to understand a text-book of physics but he knows he has not understood it and that is the end of the matter; but he may read a psychoanalytical treatise and come out more of a damned fool at the end than he was before he began it. Or more of a crook—every defense lawyer in a seemingly hopeless criminal case knows how to instruct his client in his unloved childhood to embarrass Bench and Jury.

In the long run, however, the welcome given to psychoanalysis by the public is based on a sound intuition that it stands for treating every one as a unique and morally responsible person, not as a keyboard—it speaks of the narcissism of the Ego, but it believes in the existence of that Ego and its capacity to recognize its own limitations—and that in these days is a great deal. The behaviorists are certainly right in one thing; the human mind does have a nature which can be tampered with: with a few drugs and a little regular torture every human mind can be reduced to a condition in which it is no longer a subject for psychology.

Psychoanalysts and their patients may sometimes seem funny little people, but the fact that they exist is evidence that society is still partly human.

[Freud's *The Case of Dora*, *Totem and Taboo*, *On Dreams*, and his *Autobiography* have been re-issued recently by the W. W. Norton Company.—The Editors.]

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